



CANADIAN HEART SONGS

CHARLES WESLEY McCROSSAN

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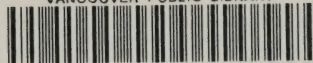
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Canadian Heart Songs



CANADIAN HEART SONGS

BY

CHARLES WESLEY McCROSSAN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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WILLIAM BRIGGS

29-37 Richmond Street West

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

1912

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A STREET IN BRAMBER, ENGLAND, AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL ON WHICH
WAS THE RUINS OF BRAMBER CASTLE.



A STREET IN BRAMBER, ENGLAND, AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL ON WHICH
ARE THE RUINS OF BRAMBER CASTLE.

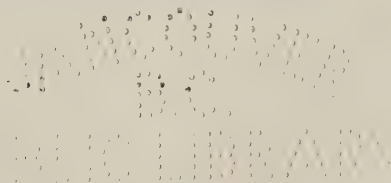
*From the water-color painting by Percy Listie, English landscape artist.
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CANADIAN HEART SONGS

BY

CHARLES WESLEY McCROSSAN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

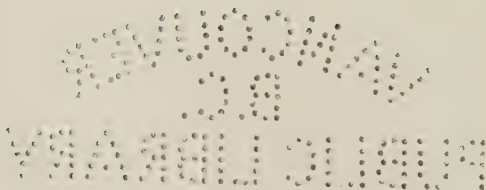


WILLIAM BRIGGS

29-37 Richmond Street West
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA
1912

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CHARLES WESLEY McCROSSAN



IN THIS
THEIR
GOLDEN WEDDING YEAR
I LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS BOOK
TO
MY BELOVED
FATHER AND MOTHER
WHOSE
NOBLE CHRISTIAN CHARACTERS
HAVE BEEN
PERPETUAL SOURCES OF HOLIEST
INSPIRATIONS
TO
THEIR CHILDREN

79522

“GOD SAVE THE KING.”

God save our Empire King!
We his Dominions sing;
God save our King!
Ever united we,
With England o'er the sea,
For his supremacy,
God save our King!

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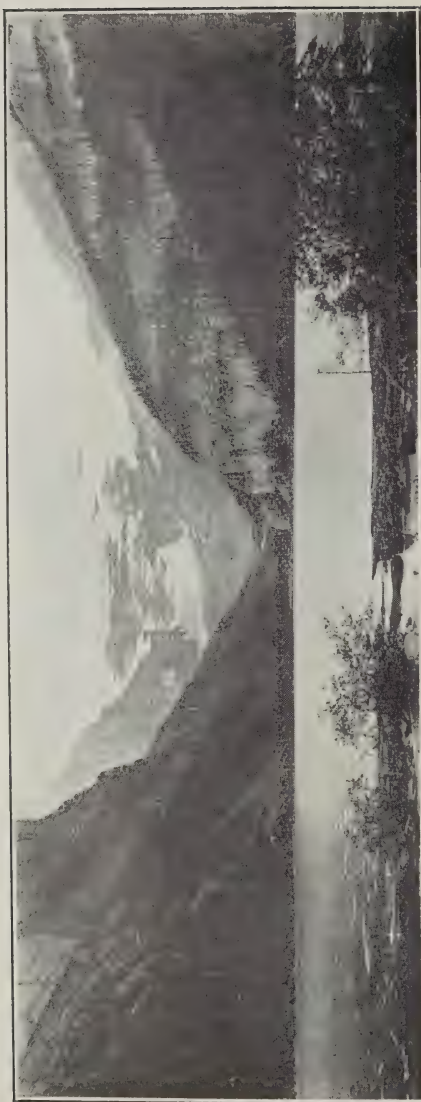
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LAKE LOUISE AND VICTORIA GLACIER, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Picture by Leonard Andrews, C.E., E.E., London, England.

“The shimmering diamond loveliness of Emerald and Louise,
Their faces perfect speculums of mountains, glaciers, trees,
With Arrow Lake, pellucid, deep, abundantly combine
The beauties of all Switzerland, or thousand rivers Rhine.”

Page 18.

Canadian Heart Songs.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

CANADIAN! Canadian! when wilt thou know thine own!
That mighty, awe-inspiring mass, so silent and alone;
That fortress with a million towers, covered with earth
and sod;
Reaching on high to the very sky, huge footstools for
their God.

Gigantic mountains mirrored in the clear-as-crystal
lakes;
Wild antlered herds, a-browsing tender grass-shoots
midst the brakes;
Lone cowardly wolves a-howling for the others of their
packs,
As grizzly bears, disdainful, calmly climb their beaten
tracks.

Mounts Stephen, Lefroy, Wapta, Ross, and full ten
thousand more,
Proud monarchs of thy native land, high toward the
heavens soar:

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Majestic peaks, all snow-capped, towering o'er the scud-
ding clouds;
While mists rest on the valleys deep, like veils or drap-
ing shrouds.

The narrow trails go winding up the canyons, wild and
grand.
The fir trees, proud and stately, in their solemn beauty
stand.
Springs from the melting glaciers gush forth, and cas-
cades roar,
As the waters roll, like a poor lost soul, downward for
evermore.

Twelve hundred feet the Takakkaw leaps down the
mountain side.
Ten thousand feet Sir Donald lifts his snow-crowned
head in pride.
The ice-fields of the Waputekh reflect the dazzling light.
The Yoho, nigh, hears the Twin Fall's cry, unceasing
day and night.

The shimmering diamond loveliness of Emerald and
Louise.
Their faces perfect speculums of mountains, glaciers,
trees,
With Arrow Lake, pellucid, deep, abundantly combine
The beauties of all Switzerland or thousand rivers
Rhine.



PARADISE VALLEY, ALBERTA, CANADA, WITH MOUNT
TEMPLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

Picture by Leonard Andrews.

"Majestic peaks, all snow-capped, towering o'er the scudding clouds."



LAKE LOUISE AND MOUNT LEFROY.

Picture by Leonard Andrews.

"Gigantic mountains, mirrored in the clear-as-crystal lakes."

Page 17.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Thousands of unnamed mountain-tops, majestic and
sublime,
Stand now as through the ages and defy the works of
time;
In wondrous silent grandeur they make known their
Maker's might,
And point to Him whose mercy is the source of His
delight.

Dream not of Alps or Pyrenées, of Como or Lucerne;
Go gaze upon the Rockies, grander beauties to discern;
And in thy gazing think thou of the One who placed
them there;
Of Him who holds our nation's life within His tender
care.

The Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Ever-Mighty God;
Who, manifest in Jesus Christ, man's sin-cursed road
hath trod;
The Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace,
divine,
The God who made the mountains, the Eternal God, is
thine.

CANADA, OUR NATIVE LAND.

(These words are adapted to the music of "O Canada!" the French-Canadian National Anthem, by C. Lavallée.)

O CANADA! our native land thou art!
We sing of thee, and gladness fills our heart.
Thou art a child of Britain's throne, an Empire vast
and free.
We'll fight for King, and native land, and glorious
liberty!

God bless our land!

God save our King!

Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.

O Canada! we love thy mountains high;
Thy fields so vast, that reach from sky to sky;
Thy beauteous lakes and waterfalls; thy wondrous maj-
esty!

We'll fight for our inheritance, and glorious liberty!

God bless our land!

God save our King!

Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.



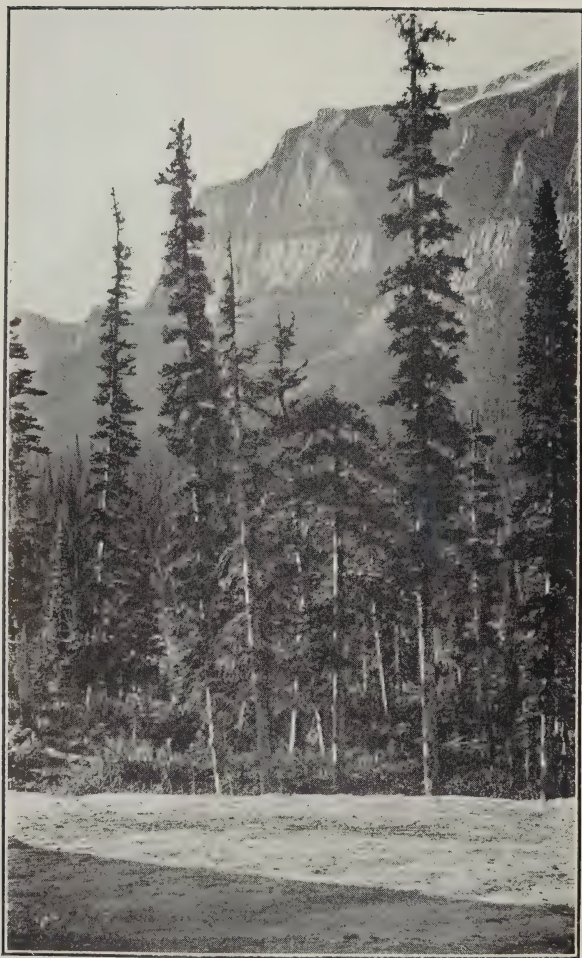
TUNNEL MOUNTAIN, BANFF, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Picture by Leonard Andrews.

"O Canada! we love thy mountains high."

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Page 24.



MOUNT FAIRVIEW, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Picture by Leonard Andrews.

"In wondrous silent grandeur they make known their Maker's might."

CANADA, OUR NATIVE LAND!

Lo! to the work of Empire bend thy power,
Thy latent forces, wondrous, vast, supreme!
Stand staunch for Britain's great régime! An Empire
proud are we!
Proud of our King, our country's flag, and glorious
liberty!

God bless our land!

God save our King!

Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.

Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.

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O CANADA, FAIR CANADA!*

O CANADA, fair Canada!
With endless fields of waving grain;
With gold that mining cannot drain;
With mighty forests unexplored;
With wealth of empires in thee stored:
Thou glorious nation now full grown,
What wondrous future is thine own!

O Canada, fair Canada!
Shall not thine Empire look on thee
As one who's reached maturity?
Wilt thou not, as a child full grown,
Fight side by side with Britain's throne,
Flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone,
By land and sea, with force thine own?

O Canada, fair Canada!
As servile Jew to Cæsar bold,
Wilt thou pay tribute of thy gold?
Or wilt thou rise in virile power
And help thy King in danger's hour?
Thou giant, still with strength unknown,
Wouldst have no armament thine own?

* First published in 1910, in the *Saturday Sunset*, Vancouver, B.C., under *nom de plume*.

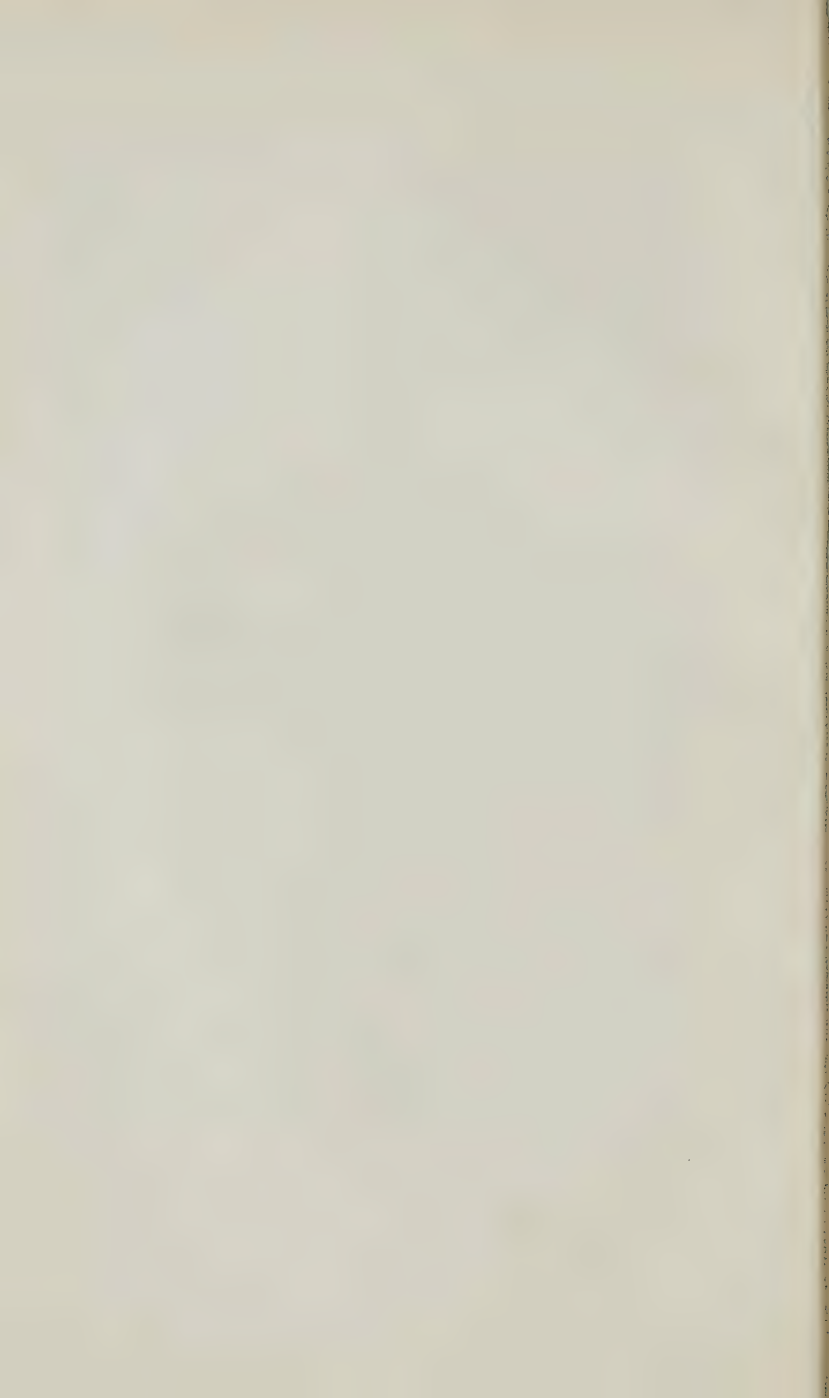


THE DRIVE, NEAR BANFF, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Picture by Vera Manson.

"The fir trees, proud and stately, in their solemn beauty stand."

Page 18.





No. 10 DOWNING STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND, THE HOME OF MR. ASQUITH, THE PRIME MINISTER.

Next door to the left, the home of the Rt. Hon. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and next door again to the left, the former residence of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. where Viscount Gladstone was born.

Picture by the Author.

"Can loyal men, equipped, complete,
Be only found in Downing Street?"

O CANADA, FAIR CANADA !

O Canada, fair Canada !
Thy duty calls ; permit no stain !
Have thy brave fathers died in vain
And bred but weaklings fit for shame,
Who care not for their Empire's name ?
No vassal thou, but child full grown !
Fulfil the destiny, thine own !

O Canada, fair Canada !
Hast thou no nation's life nor pride ?
No dream in Empire swaying wide ?
No part in scheme or plan of God,
To heathen rule, with iron rod ?
Thou child of Britain, now full grown,
'Tis time thou hadst a power, thine own !

O Canada, fair Canada !
What is thy standing in the world ?
Where has thy banner been unfurled ?
What prestige has thy country's name
Except as linked to Britain's fame ?
Unweaned Colonial, overgrown ?
Dost thou not want some fame, thine own ?

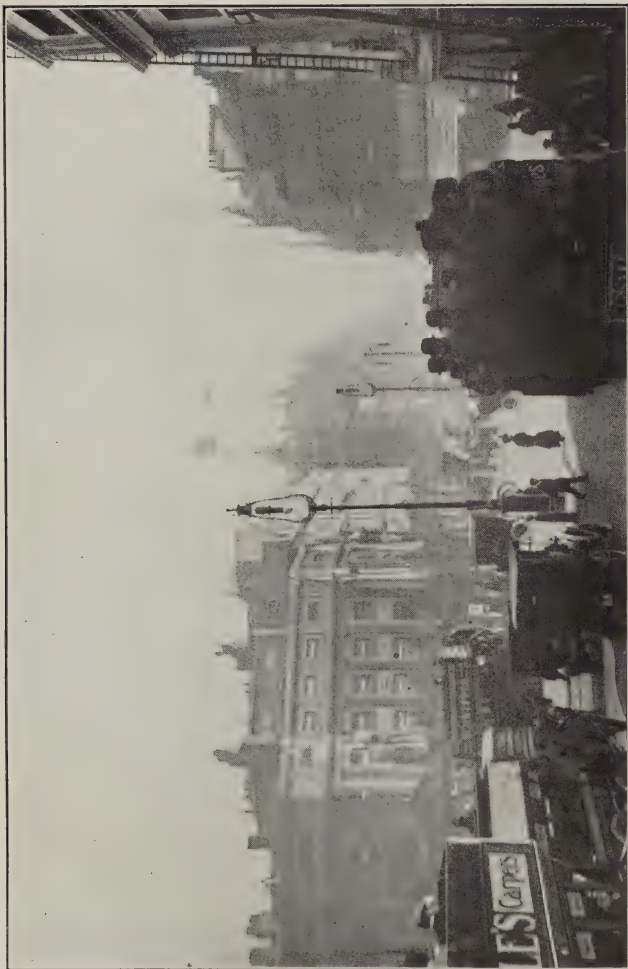
O Canada, fair Canada !
Hast thou no native sons to guide
Thy ship of state o'er oceans wide ?
Can loyal men, equipped, complete,
Be only found in Downing Street ?

O CANADA, FAIR CANADA !

No puppet thou, but child full grown !
Exert thou, then, a will, thine own !

.

Lo ! to the work of Empire bend
Thy latent forces, vast, supreme !
Stand staunch for Britain's great régime !
Quit ye all cavil ! take thy place,
Co-partner in the Imperial race !
Then Britain shall be greater still,
As Greater Britain shows her will,
The Royal Standard to unfold,
In self-reliance, calm and bold.



OXFORD CIRCUS, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author.

"Go see the streets of London, with the teeming millions there."

Page 51.



Книжка, которую вы держите в руках, посвящена Англии.

THE HEAVENLY MOUNTAIN, SOVIET UNION, ENGLAND.

ENGLAND.*

I'd sing of dear old England, as the poem sang of yore;

I'd tell you all of England's glory, as I learned in my shore;

I'd gladly sound her praises and exalt her to the skies,

She's worthy, for she stands for truth before the whole world's eyes.

I've travelled through her island home, north, south, and east, and west;

I've lived amongst her people, and have tried to see her best.

I've met her sons and daughters, both the simple and the grand;

Admired her rural beauty everywhere throughout the land.

The trunk is golden sunsets, from the rugged Cornwall shore;

I've traced upon the ruins, which the people still adore.

* The author spent two years in England.



ENGLAND.*

I'd sing of dear old England, as the poets sang of
yore;
I'd fill her full of sunshine, while I tarried on her
shore;
I'd gladly sound her praises and exalt her to the
skies;
She's worthy, for she stands for truth before the whole
world's eyes.

I've travelled through her island home, north, south,
and east, and west;
I've lived amongst her people, and have tried to see
her best.
I've met her sons and daughters, both the humble and
the grand;
Admired her rural beauty everywhere throughout the
land.

I've drunk in golden sunsets, from the rugged Corn-
wall shore;
I've tarried midst the ruins, which the people still
adore.

* The author spent two years in England.

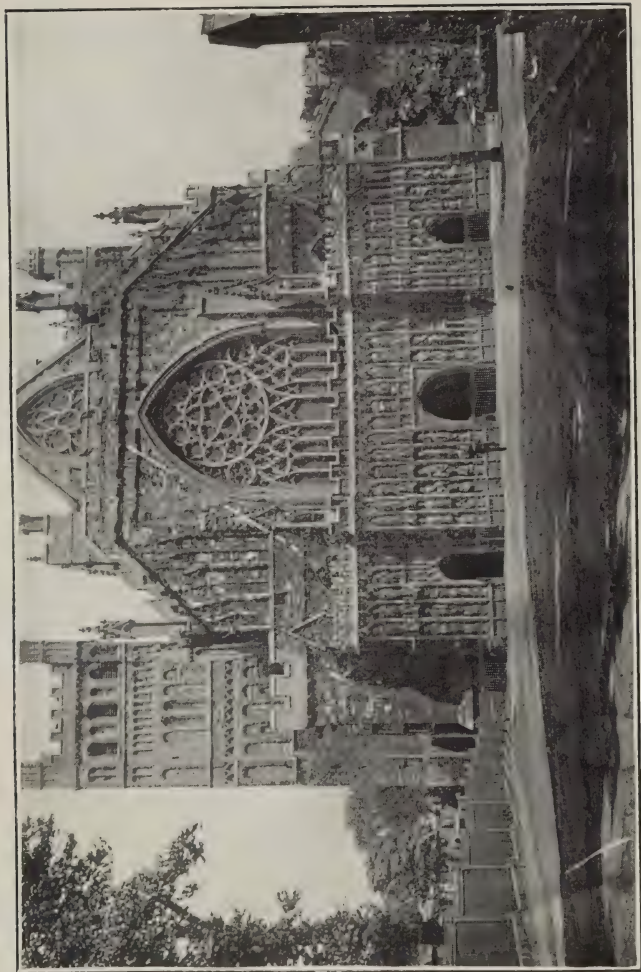
ENGLAND.

I've climbed the hills of Devon; watched the tides rush
up the Wye;
Have seen the shipping centres which the nation's
needs supply.

I've looked in love and wonder; had my boyhood dreams
fulfilled.
I've driven on the splendid roads the Romans used to
build.
I've walked in sadness o'er the grounds where ancient
blood was shed;
Where Ironsides fought with Royalists; White Roses
slaughtered Red.

I've wandered through her palaces, where dwelt the
kings of old.
I've stood upon her tilting-grounds, oft thronged when
knights were bold.
I've shuddered in the dungeons of the gruesome London
Tower
Where suffered many noble souls oppressed by tyrants'
power.

I've seen her towns and cities, with unnumbered chim-
ney-pots.
I've seen her hosts of terraces, jammed forward on the
lots;

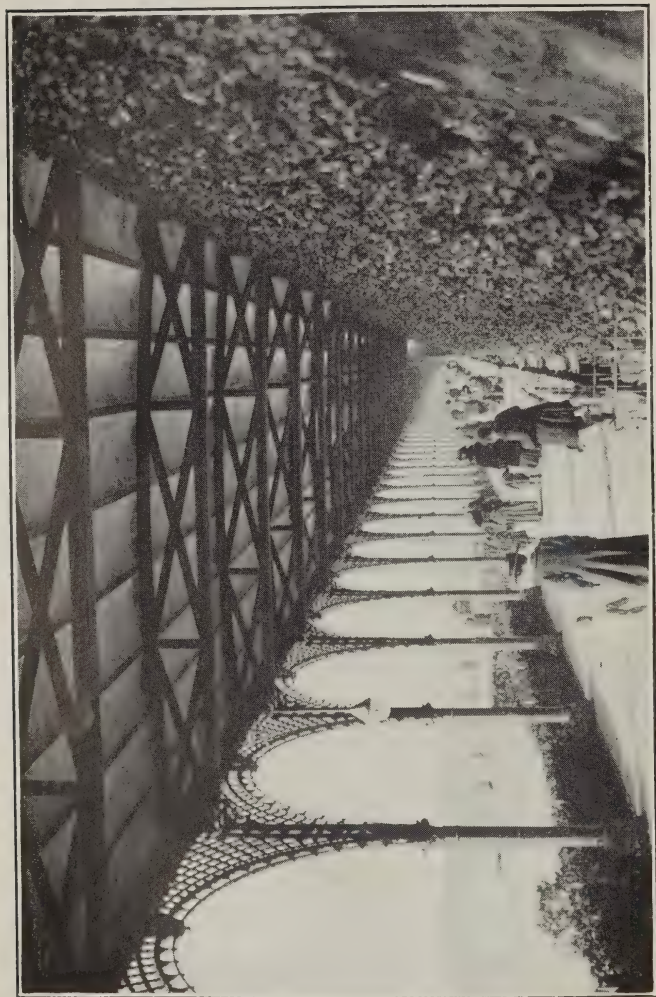


EXETER CATHEDRAL, EXETER, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author.

"I've seen her great cathedrals, which majestically tower,"

Page 45.



MADEIRA ROAD, OCEAN FRONT, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author.

ENGLAND.

I've seen her sheep and cattle grazing on a thousand
hills;

I've heard her thrush and blackbird sound their sweet,
melodious trills.

I've seen her glorious hawthorns in the splendor of
their bloom;

I've seen her ancient abbeys, with their relics and
their gloom.

I've seen her great museums and her galleries of
art

Filled full of priceless treasures, for the world has
been her mart.

I've listened to the singing of her larks and nightin-
gales.

I've roamed about her forests, o'er her hills and through
her dales.

I've seen her parks delightful, and the mansions of her
pride;

Have gazed upon the splendor of her coast in dashing
tide.

I've seen nine score of warships proudly steaming from
Penzance,

Their mighty power apparent even at a single glance.

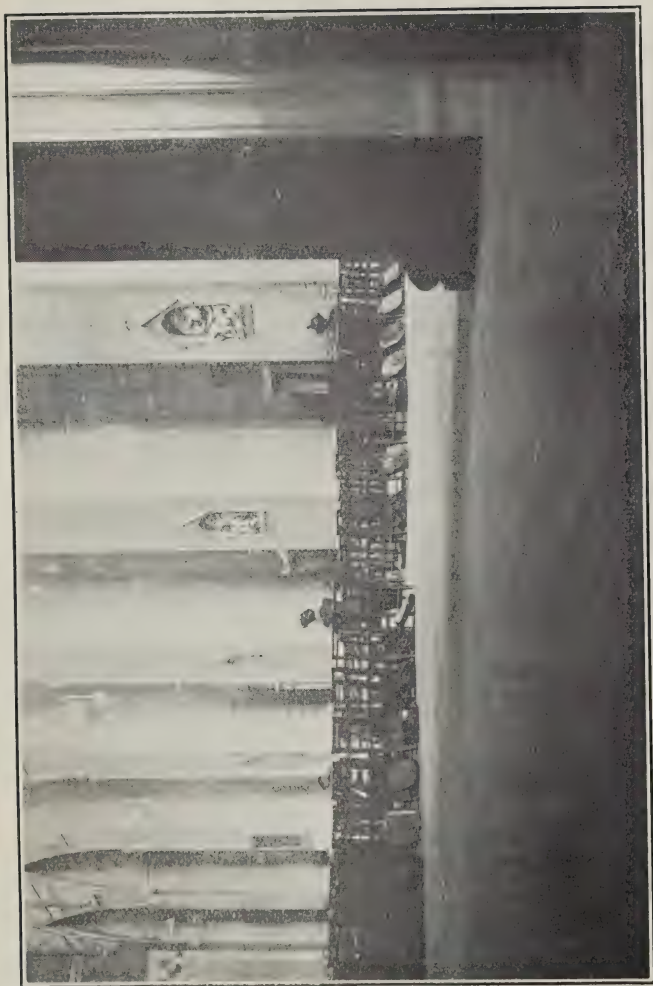
ENGLAND.

I've stood in great solemnity with bowed, uncovered
head,
Beside the tombs and monuments of her illustrious
dead.

I've seen her great cathedrals, which majestically
tower.
I've heard "Big Ben" impressively chime out each pass-
ing hour.
I've seen the streets of London with the teeming millions
there;
And many thousands comfortless, their faces lined with
care.

I've seen the Thames embankments, like a giant
steamer's decks,
Thronged in the hours past midnight with a mass of
human wrecks;
I've seen them ragged, hungry, wretched, hopeless, sick
and sore—
And yet when work is offered, they refuse it by the
score.

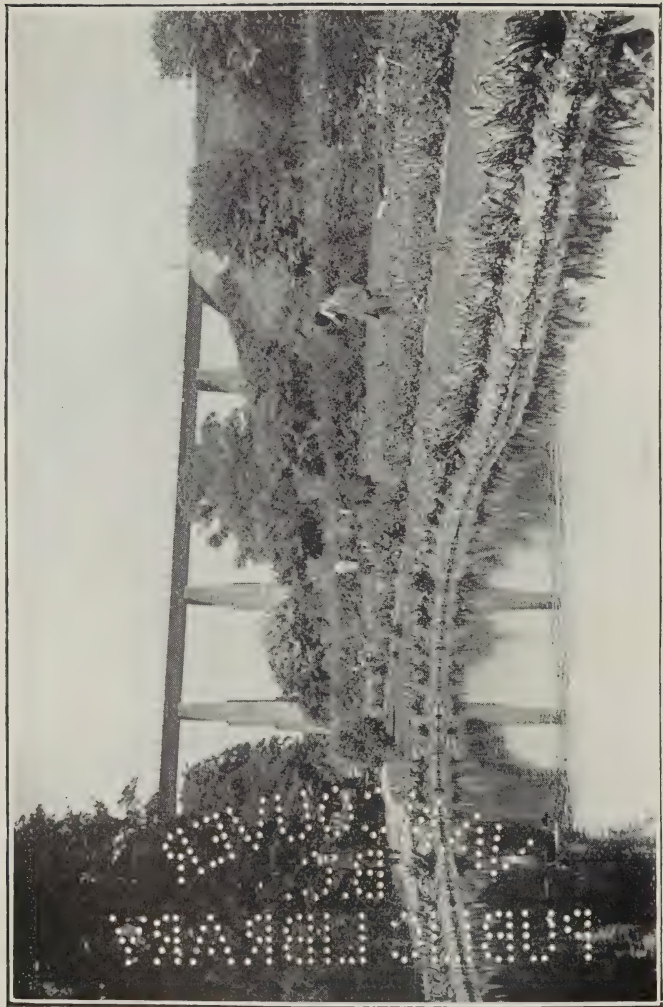
So sunken are they by their sin, their wretchedness and
drink,
Their souls seem seared and calloused, as though they
never think



INTERIOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S ENGLISH CHURCH, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author.

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THE GARDENS, NEWQUAY, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author.

"I've listened to the singing of her larks and nightingales."

ENGLAND.

Of God, or death, or judgment, or of life beyond the
grave;
Or of the Christ of Calvary, who died lost souls to
save.

No longer doubt I Dickens, or the pictures which he
drew
Of saddened life of childhood, which himself and others
knew;
In all large towns wan kiddies, pinched, ill fed, and
poorly clad,
Look up and seem to chide one for their lot which is
so sad.

I've studied England as she is; have seen her with
my eyes;
Had glimpses of her poverty—a terrible surprise!
I've seen her working millions, paid but scarce a living
wage;
Seen greed and pride and hunger filling men with hate
and rage.

'Tis not the German Emperor that England needs to
fear;
But foes within like caste, and greed, and poverty, and
beer.

ENGLAND.

These caused the revolution that once soaked poor
France in blood.

They're rampant now in England, like a surging, seething
flood.

The crowds that cheered King Louis cheered the guillotine
as well.

The bells which ring in gladness can be made a dirge to
swell.

The hands which build a building can more quickly
tear it down.

Water, which quenches thirst for man, can also surely
drown.

King George the Fifth, the thorough, reigns upon
earth's mightiest throne:

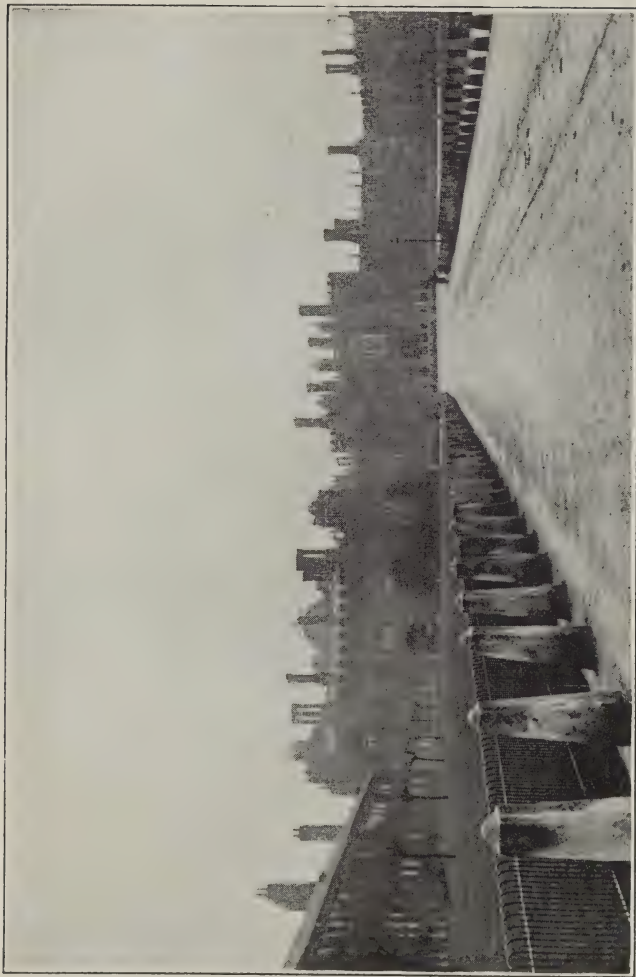
England, with her Dominions, greatest Empire ever
known.

But let her for her greatness thank the wondrous grace
of God,

And by no lack of rectitude invite the heavenly rod.

In wealth of forests, mines, and lands, fair England
can't compare

With our most wondrous Canada, with plenty and to
spare.



FRONT VIEW HAMPTON COURT PALACE, HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author.

"I've wandered through her palaces, where dwelt the kings of old,"

Page 58.



REAR VIEW HAMPTON COURT PALACE, HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author.

ENGLAND.

Know, England, that thy giant son is now to manhood
grown;

With strength of Empires in him stored, much greater
than thine own.

Know too, thou faithful Mother, that thy son's great
strength is thine!

And if the day shall ever come through Providence
divine

That thou shalt need the strong right arm which
Canada can wield—

That arm will twine about thee, as a buckler and a
shield.

BRITISH NAVAL SUPREMACY

In all the British Empire,
Lives there a native son
Whose senile, calloused heart stirs not
At sound of naval gun?
There lives no man in Canada,
Of British parents bred,
Who would not sooner shed his blood
Than see the Empire dead.

The Mother of our Empire,
Of whom we love to sing,
Has given us our nation's life,
And given us our King;
Protected us and helped us
As children loved—not slaves.
With grateful, swelling hearts we sing,
“Britannia rule the waves!”

Is not the British Empire
A body with a soul,
Made up of hands, feet, head and heart,
Joined in a living whole?

BRITISH NAVAL SUPREMACY

“I am not of the body,”
Shall hands say to the heart,
Because they are not of the head,
Or form no vital part?

The head and heart of Empire
Must have the hands and feet;
And hands and feet need head and heart
Ere they can be complete.
The humble parts of Empire
Our God has greatly blessed,
And honor on us may bestow,
Far greater than the rest.

If enemies should conquer
Fair England—Britain's heart—
They'd also conquer hands and feet
And every other part.
For Canada, our home-land,
What fate would be in store?
An alien king would land his troops
By thousands on our shore.

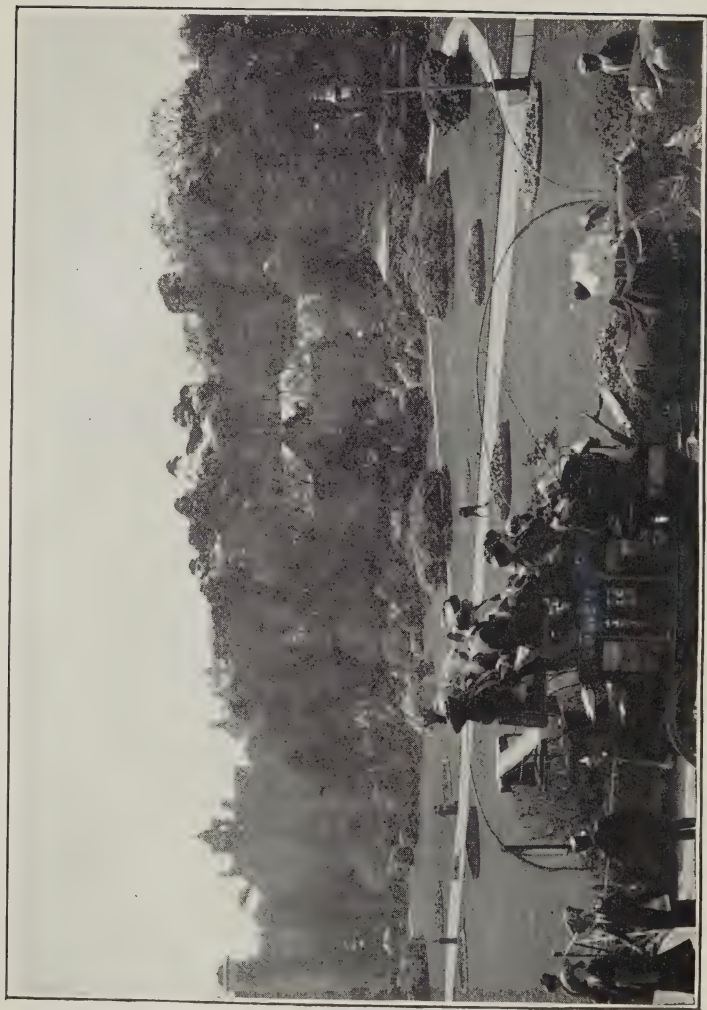
The soul of British Empire,
Which thrills each separate part,
Is love for God, for King, and throne,
And loyalty of heart.

BRITISH NAVAL SUPREMACY

The life of British Empire
 (So clear that all must see)
Depends on one thing, save on God—
 Naval supremacy.

No more should England, Mother,
 Be forced to bear alone
The awful burdens she has borne,
 Now that her son's full-grown.
Through days of infancy and youth
 We've had our Mother's care;
'Tis time we helped abundantly!
 'Tis only right and fair.

Millions, and unstinted,
 For naval force complete,
Should be the gift of Canada
 Laid at the Empire's feet.
There lives no man in Canada,
 Of British parents bred,
Who would not sooner shed his blood
 Than see the Empire dead.



THE GARDENS, BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author.

THE BLIZZARD.

I SING not of spring-time—of birds flying north,
Anemones, violets, trees budding forth;
Nor sing I of summer, its birds, or its flowers;
Their songs and their fragrance enchanting the hours:
Nor yet of the autumn, with harvest fields white,
When hum of the binder encroaches the night:
But sing I of winter—snow everywhere spread,
All plant life a-sleeping, when nature seems dead:
Of winter, not calm, but in throes of a storm,
When the Prince of the power of the air takes the form
Of the Blizzard, that monster more dreaded and feared
Than anything else that has ever appeared
To vanquish the hope and to threaten the life
Of the men who so nobly have entered the strife
To conquer and tame the Canadian plains
By courage, and patience, and hard work, and brains.
Sometimes they must needs face the dread hail and
drought;
Though never the cyclone which curses the south:
But always and ever, through winter months drear,
The form of the Blizzard is lingering near.

Unwise is the man who his warning doth scorn.
By noontide he rages, though fair be the morn.

THE BLIZZARD.

The fear-stricken beasts seek the dwellings of man,
Begging for shelter wherever they can;
With many a whinny, a whine, and a low,
They endeavor to make him their presence to know.

It's thirty below, yet his cruel winds blow,
A-twisting and hurling the fast-driven snow.
A demon he is, with a huge giant's might,
And murdering men is his fiendish delight.
Pity and love he can never have known;
Hatred most bitter he ever has shown.
Eager to fight the defenceless and weak;
Swift, without mercy, his vengeance to wreak.
As torrents o'er-flooded with force break the dam:
As hard driven ice-floes burst outward a jam:
As tidal waves swell to engulf all before:
As fierce fires in forests leap forth with a roar:
So sweeps the cruel Blizzard, swift over the plain,
While darkness, despair, and death follow his train.

The snow which has covered the earth like a wrap,
And lain down so gently to take a quiet nap,
Whose flakes of the whiteness of purity tell,
Is caught from the earth for his vile purpose fell,
By the storm fiend incarnate and agent of hell,
And hurled like a bullet shot out of its shell.

Enemy always of each living thing,
Never a blessing but curse does he bring;

THE BLIZZARD.

Blinding, and blighting, and rushing along,
Death to all life is the theme of his song.
Driving the winds like wild horses with reins:
Chilling the marrow and blood in the veins:
Snapping his teeth in the bitterest ire:
Smarting mankind with his touch, as with fire:
Enemy he of the birds and the beasts,
Killing them all for his gluttonous feasts.

Robbed of all light in the midst of the day,
Many are caught from their homes far away.
Bravely they struggle though chilled to the bone;
Blinded and lost, they press forward alone.
With nothing to guide them they circle about,
Though familiar the way and oft trodden the route.
At last, in despair, they sink down with a groan.
The fiend of the air mocks their cry with a moan.

When numbed are their senses he bids them to rest;
Most falsely he woos them to sleep on his breast.
His cupid dart is but a poisonous spear,
His most winning smile is the vile serpent's leer,
His wide-opened arms are the vices of fate,
His whispers of love are the lurings of hate;
With subtle persistence he kisses the face;
The cold clutch of death is his loving embrace.

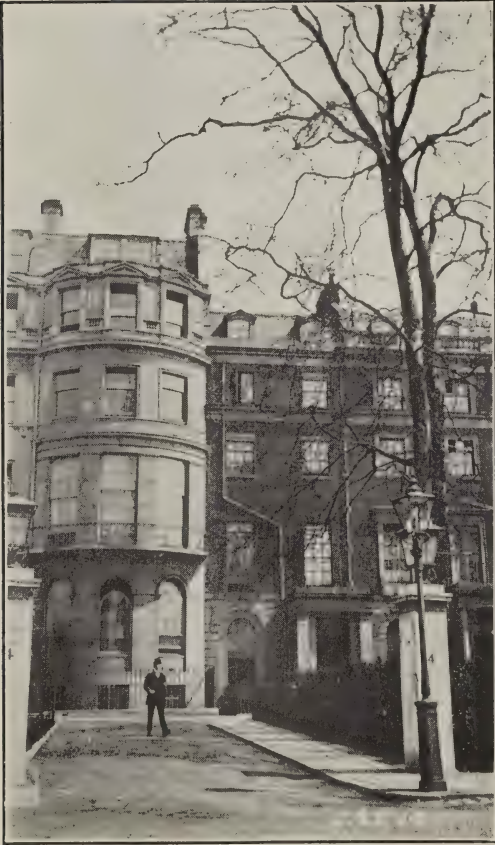
A PLEA FOR MOTHERS.

TO THE PROSPEROUS SONS OF THE NORTH

WHEN comes the northland winter, and the lakes and
rivers freeze,
Just conjure up Los Angeles, its sunshine, fragrant
breeze;
When the snows are drifting, piling, through the long
unbroken hours,
Recall its sweet attractiveness, its warmth, its beauty,
flowers.

Then look upon your mother's poor seamed face and
whitening hair:
Remember death will claim her soon unless you have a
care:
And tenderly consider all she's done and borne for you.
When it's too late you'll wish you'd been a thoughtful
son and true.

No longer is she able thus to bear the heavy yoke.
To care for you she's roughed it long, and surely it's no
joke.
Why keep her north to suffer, with the rheumatism bent,
When the climate there would cure her, and it wouldn't
charge a cent?



NO. 2 AND NO. 4 WHITEHALL GARDENS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

To the left, the former residence of Sir Robert Peel, the organizer of the present police system, after whom the policemen have been called "Bobbies" and "Peelers." To the right, the former residence of Disraeli.

Picture by the Author.



HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON, ENGLAND.

To the left, the residence of the Duke of Wellington.

To the right, the residence of Baron Rothschild.

Picture by the Author.

A PLEA FOR MOTHERS.

Dig up the cash, and put your dear, tired mother on the
train!

Surround her with such comfort that she'll rest her
weary brain.

How pleased she'll be to bid good-bye to winter's cold
and sleet,

If you impress upon her that you gladly give the treat.

She'll ride around that city, see the places of their pride,
And then she'll write you, truly, that their boomers
haven't lied.

All over there's such beauty as one seldom ever sees:
Such palms! such vines! such roses! and such graceful
pepper trees!

Such varied architecture! and such mansions by the
scores!

With glorious bougainvillea a-blooming o'er the doors;
The roses and the oranges, the lemons and the palm,
More common there than thistles north—most surely
this is balm

For beauty-loving, tired-out souls who seek for rest and
calm.

On every side are flowers and fruit all seasons of the
year;

No thunder-storms, or sleet, or hail to cause the timid
fear;

A PLEA FOR MOTHERS.

No fierce, intensive heat or cold to mar the atmosphere,
But sunshine, clear and warm and bright, throughout
the entire year.

Not so far from the ocean's side but that she'll feel the
breeze,

Yet far enough to miss dense fogs which settle midst
the trees

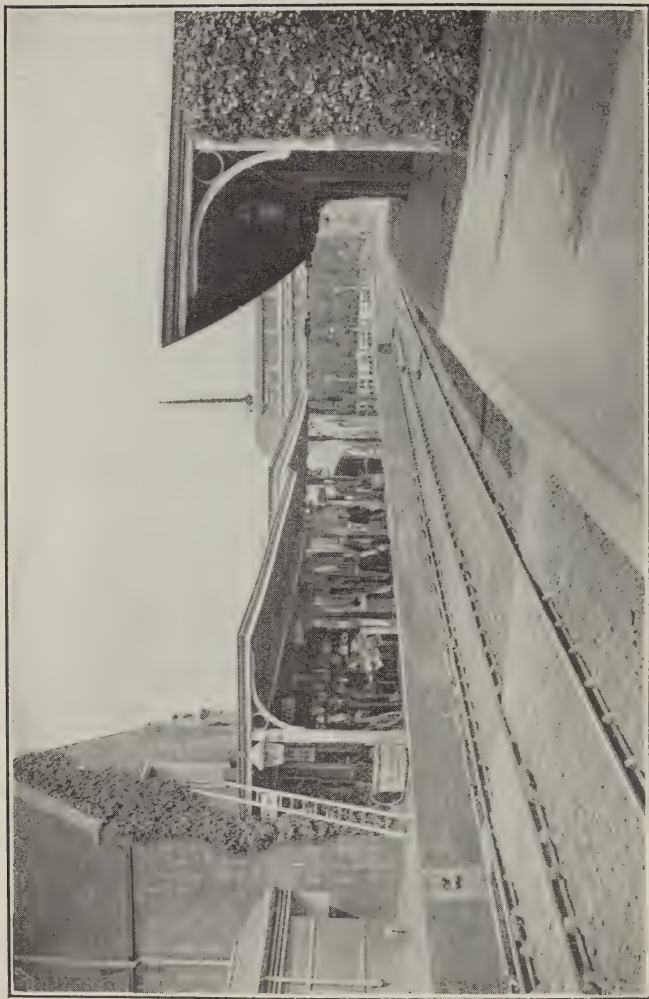
And orchards of the lower lands, but leave the city clear,
To gaze into the starlit sky and feel that heaven is near.

Why save up all your money, to be spent when you are
dead

By those who'll think you but a fool? For once the
truth is said.

Your mother's loved you all your life, and borne your
cares and grief,

Your turn it is to love her now: the time at most is
brief.



LYNDHURST ROAD STATION, AT ENTRANCE TO THE NEW FOREST, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author.

"Admired her rural beauty everywhere throughout the land."

LACROSSE IN THE OLD DAYS AT WINNIPEG.

I'm thinking of the good old days
Round eighteen eighty-four,
And of the heroes of lacrosse,
A good full score, or more,
Who played the game as game sports play,
No matter what the score.
Some treasured faces still I see
Through memory not grown dim,
Such as McDonald brothers three,
Big Bob, and Duke, and Jim.
Wild Bob, who'd fight at drop of hat;
And Jim, who'd pitch so far;
And Duke, the small boy's faithful friend,
Though on the field a star;
McCrossan Tom, the old war-horse,
Whose shoulders felt like bricks;
With "Jimmy" Harvey, close beside,
So full of dodging tricks;
McGregor, with his race-horse speed,
A-dashing down the fields;
With "Dolphie" Graham a-checking him,
Or close upon his heels;

LACROSSE IN THE OLD DAYS AT WINNIPEG.

McLain, who'd rush in anywhere,
With nerves like bits of steel;
And Stow, who seemed both here and there,
As slippery as an eel;
Fred Heubach, polished and refined
In any kind of scrap;
Finch and McLellan, 'tween the flags,
Who seldom left a gap;
Bland Tom, and "Chubby" Quigley,
Oscar and Dan McBean,
With "Whitey," "Higgy," Dunlop, Young,
Helped on the grand old game;
While "Ike" Pitblado, Chestnut, Flett,
"Tote" Campbell, Cullen, Tait,
Helped all to swell the cheers on cheers,
And money at the gate.
But there never was a fellow
In all the teams that played,
Could run with "Billy" Lockhart,
When he started in to wade.
The "kids" they all loved "Billy,"
For he hadn't any fear,
And when he got a-going
He could trek it like a deer.
You've heard of greased chain lightning
And of things as swift as light;
But they couldn't touch old "Billy,"
If he just got started right.

LACROSSE IN THE OLD DAYS AT WINNIPEG.

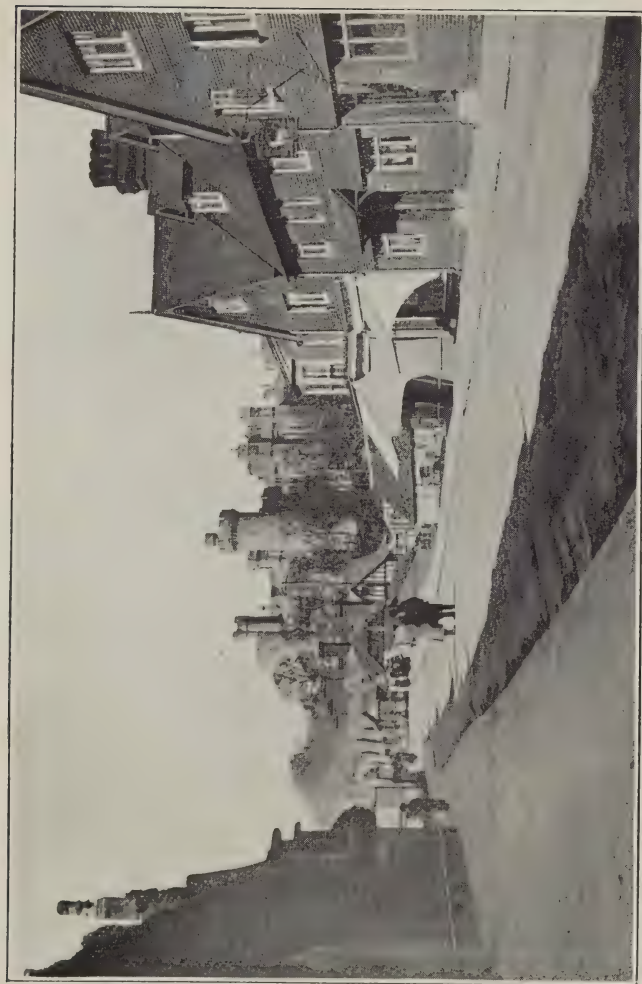
He'd run around the others
Like a hound around a course;
Or like a racing auto
Round a buggy and a horse.

I wonder where you've gone to,
Dear old friends of long ago;
I wonder how you're reaping
Of the seeds you used to sow;
I wonder how you'll stand
When the Field Captain over all
Has sounded the last whistle,
And has made the final call.

SOUL-MATES

A glance of eye, a touch of hand,
A formal word, a smile, a bow;
'Tis over in a moment's time,
And yet the whole world's changed somehow.
Before—the days just wagged along
For them as for the multitudes.
They'd known mankind but as a throng,
And talked in senseless platitudes.
Their wondrous, God-like souls within
Had never wakened into life
Until they met—
And soul knew soul—predestined
To be man and wife.

It is the Author's hope that in giving the following eight pictures of Arundel Castle—one of the most beautiful and best-preserved of the famous historical castles of England—he may enable the reader to obtain a better comprehension of the grandeur of such ancient structures than he could have obtained had the author given only one or two views each of a number of castles.



ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND. THE HOME OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Picture by the Author. All rights reserved.
"I've seen her parks, delightful, and the mansions of her pride,"



ENTRANCE TO INNER GROUNDS, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

The Coronation of Jesus Christ.

All doctrinal points touched upon in the poem "The Coronation of Jesus Christ" are, I believe, strictly in accord with the teachings of the Word of God. In other respects the poem is merely the expression of my imagination.

—THE AUTHOR.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.*

'Tis Saturday at eventide ;
The sun is setting in the west ;
The clouds are tinted rainbow hues ;
The mountain tops are bathed in light.

Beside the tomb which Joseph gave
To hold the mangled form of Him
Who claimed to be the Son of God
And Saviour of a fallen race,
Strong Roman soldiers stand on guard,
Armed in their battlefield array,
To watch their Cæsar's sacred seal,
That it unbroken may remain.

To slight the trust in them reposed
They know would mean most certain death.
Two soldiers, trusted most of all,
Great stalwart fellows, robust, strong,
Who stand before the sepulchre,
One either side of the great stone,
Have silent been throughout the watch,
Each fully occupied with thought.
Patroclus, noted for his skill
At sword-play and for strength of arm ;

* Entered at Stationers' Hall, etc.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

And Gaius, younger far by years,
Though close a rival in the sports,
Thus watch together near the stone
Which holds their Cæsar's sacred seal.

The silence, most oppressive grown,
Is broken by the younger's voice.
In tones suppressed, constrained, he speaks:
"My bold Patroclus, thinkest thou
That ought will come of what was said
By Jesus, who here lieth dead
Within this tomb we sealed, and guard?
They say He claimed He'd rise again
When three whole days and nights had passed.
If so, the time is drawing near
To manifest Him, true or false.
Didst hear, Patroclus, such report?"

"I heard," Patroclus makes reply,
"From one called John, in judgment hall;
And let me tell thee, Gaius, friend,
I think not lightly of the word,
Since I have seen the death of Him
Who lieth now within this tomb.
Think'st thou He was a common man?
Did e'er a common man meet death
As we ourselves have seen Him die,
Who uttered not one curse or cry
Of imprecation on us all?
I've seen men crucified before;
I've seen them die in battle strife;
I've held them at the point of sword

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

And thrust them through in spite of mail;
I've seen their looks of fear and hate;
I've heard their screams and seen them quail;
But never have I seen such peace,
Such looks of love and sorrow mixed.

“He died not as the men I've known
Have died; but rather like a god.
The blows we gave Him seemed to hurt
Not more than did our attitude.
His loving eyes I'll ne'er forget
Though I should live a thousand years.
I'm not ashamed that even yet
Mine own oft fill with bitter tears.

“Why had such man as He to die
The death allotted thieves and slaves?
I wonder Pilate gave consent,
Or listened to those howling knaves.
I glory in an equal fight
When face to face with men well matched;
When upward cut, and downward stroke,
And pointed thrust make metals ring;
But in the death of such as He
I take no pleasure, feel but shame.

“Indeed, I hate to look upon
These hands which drove those cursèd nails.
Although the anguish of His soul
Was such He scarcely seemed to know
The added pain caused by each blow,
He prayed that we may be forgiven.
The thieves we crucified with Him

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Shrieked like lost souls and cursed like fiends,
When in their hands the nails were driven;
But when at last their bones we broke,
One only was as at the first;
The second seemed to see us not;
His gaze on Jesus' face was fixed;
A shroud of peace was o'er him laid;
He looked forgiveness on the world,
As had the Holy One before.

"How came he thus to be entranced
By peace and joy in hour of death?
I'll tell thee, Gaius, what's my thought.
Didst hear his cry, 'Remember me,
When to Thy kingdom Thou dost come;'
And hear the Holy One reply:
'This day thou'lt be in Paradise'?
I heard that cry and the reply.
I watched the face of Jesus then.
I marvelled that He'd deign to hear
The prayer of such an one as he;
But, friend, the look that Jesus gave
I'll carry with me to my grave.

"I hope that what He claimed is true,
And that He will rise from the dead.
I tell thee now, my Gaius, bold,
That if He dies I'll fight for Him,
If He will but forgive those blows
And let me follow where He leads."

"Patroclus, own I willingly
I trembled in my inmost soul

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

When near that centre cross I stood ;
Though 'twas not what I saw I feared ;
I felt within me that the fiends
Had hold upon the throat of hope.
I cannot understand my whim,
Nor how such thought got in my mind ;
But when I gazed upon that form
And heard the words He uttered there—
No curse, but simply words of prayer—
I looked around upon that mob
Of vicious and bloodthirsty Jews,
And felt I'd like to nail them there,
And take Him down and nurse His wounds.
I cannot tell my great relief
When orders came to break the bones,
That He was found already dead.
Right glad I was ; for, truth to tell,
I hungered not for such mean sport,
E'en had the sun been shining bright ;
But night had come in midst of day ;
The heavens dark ; the sun blood red ;
And rocks were rending round my feet ;
The earth seemed filled with agony.
I know not what controlled my thoughts,
But so it seemed within my soul
That good and ill had met and fought
Their battle to the death-throes there.
I freely own, and feel no shame,
There came into my heart some fear.
If once I knew for very truth

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

This Jesus was the Son of God ;
And He does rise from out the dead,
And will forgive my deed as well ;
I, too, Patroclus, faithful friend,
Will join Him in His holy war.
I never thought such thoughts before,
Nor felt the way I now do feel ;
Nor did I ever think to tell
Such secret thoughts to human ear."

A time of silence falls between ;
Each feels the other's soul draw near ;
United in a purpose one,
Each knows the other firm and true.

Again, more softly, Gaius speaks :

" 'Three days and nights,' was what He said ;
Three days and nights, and then He'd rise.
When comes this evening's sunset hour,
Three days and nights will full have passed.
'Twas Wednesday, ere the sun was set,
They laid His body in the grave ;
And Pilate placed us here to watch,
For fear they'd falsely claim He rose.
To-day their weekly Sabbath is ;
But Thursday was their Passover,
When some peculiar feast they held.
Such Jewish rites I've studied not ;
Canst tell for what they sacrifice ?"

Patroclus knits his brow in thought,
As gravely thus he makes reply :

Matthew 12: 40. Luke 24: 7. Matthew 27: 63.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

“I understand they once were slaves
In bondage to Egyptian rule.
Hard worked and sore oppressed they were,
'Till Moses, their deliverer,
Appeared before King Pharaoh's throne
And ordered that they be released.
The king was filled with bitter scorn,
And marvelled at his insolence;
But Moses, not one whit dismayed,
Made constant prayer unto his God;
And He, in answer to those prayers,
Turned Egypt's waters into blood;
And sent fierce hail, and frogs, and lice,
And densest darkness o'er the earth,
Until King Pharaoh begged him cease,
And promised to release the slaves.

“But when the plagues were all withdrawn,
He would not let the people go,
But hardened still his heart the more,
Until there came the final stroke.
Each Jew was told to kill a lamb
And sprinkle blood upon his door.
That night the angel Death drew nigh.
The first-born died in every home,
Except the homes where blood was spilt.
And now each year, the day before
They celebrate the Passover,
They kill the lamb and sprinkle blood,
In memory of that awful night.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

The day before the Passover
Is called the preparation day.
A high day is the Passover.

“Last Wednesday was the day before
The mid-week Sabbath Passover;
And on that preparation day
The lamb was slain, with Jewish rites.
On Wednesday, too, as we did see,
The blood of Jesus Christ was shed—
On that, their preparation day.

“John Baptist, who such furore caused
Some years ago on Jordan’s bank,
Said Jesus was the Lamb of God,
Who’d take away the world’s dark sin.
’Twould seem He was the Lamb of God,
And shed His blood as John foretold.
’Twas fitting day for them to slay
This kindest man that ever lived;
But strange to me it doth appear,
That day they chose of all the year.
Three days and nights, is what He said;
Three days and nights, and then He’d rise.
Three days and nights have almost passed
Since He was laid within this tomb.
Within an hour we’ll know the truth
Or falsity of all His claims.

John 19: 14-18, 31. Luke 23: 53-56.

Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson and many other prominent scholars and Bible students hold that there were *two Sabbaths* in the Crucifixion week—Thursday the Passover Sabbath, and Saturday the weekly Sabbath.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

I tremble, for I feel that He
Could not have spoken what was false."
So, filled with hope, and filled with fear,
They restless stand before the tomb
And as the moments fly apace
They glance more often at the stone.

None ever said Patroclus feared
To face the strongest foe in fight;
But now the blood has left his face,
He stands like statue, marble white.

Once more does Gaius turn toward
The stone which fills the tomb approach;
Then gasps, and cries aloud in fear:

"Look! look, Patroclus! look! ye gods!
Am I but dreaming, going mad,
Or does that stone move silently?
Now! Now I see a form beside!
A brilliant form in shining white,
Whose brightness makes mine eyes to burn!
Speak! Speak, Patroclus! Is it real?"

Patroclus quickly glances round,
Then grasps young Gaius by the arm;
Face downward to the earth they fall,
And lay in silent fear and dread;
While angel form in dazzling white
Rolls back the stone and on it sits.
No word he speaks; no blow he strikes;
Yet all the soldiers of the guard,
Who loud had scoffed at thought of fear,
Sink quickly, speechless, terrified.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

They lay at first as stricken dead,
Filled with a superstitious dread,
Without one thought of truth divine;
'Till, finding that they still can move,
They rise and hasten from the place
To tell the wondrous tale abroad,
And beg that mercy may be shown,
Since 'twas not man who broke the seal.
Patroclus bold and Gaius true
Have now no thought of Cæsar's seal,
Nor care they for their Cæsar's wrath.
They know they crucified the Lord.
Their hearts are broken by the thought.
They know not that the One divine,
Who steps in silence from the tomb,
In wondrous glory, might, and power,
Looks down in love upon them there;
As lying close beside His feet
They shield their eyes in mortal fear.

Before the open, empty grave,
In majesty and peace sublime,
Stands Jesus Christ, the Lord of Life,
And looks about Him on the scene.
From vanquished sin and tasted death,
He, single-handed, victor comes,
Though He has fought the powers of hell,
Combined to cause His overthrow.

Alone, unaided but by love
And sympathy, in anguish hour,

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Filled with the Holy Spirit's power,
He, in the form disgraced by man,
Has lived a perfect, spotless life
Above the power and lure of sin,
Though tempted more than other men,
By sin without and flesh within.

Throughout the lifetime of the Christ
In mortal flesh upon this earth,
Existence of eternal good
Depended on His act and word.

God's glory, most ineffable,
The source of all creation's light,
Which purest angels ne'er behold,
Would suddenly have ceased to be,
Had Jesus sinned in thought or word.

Had Jesus once betrayed His trust,
Or listened to the tempter's voice,
All good had gone, all light had flown,
The universe known light no more ;
Dense darkness of the pit had come
Like that beyond creation's realm
Which no star's ray can penetrate,
And filled the very throne of God ;
All hope and holiness had gone ;
All love had turned to bitter hate ;
All strength for good been used for ill ;
All joy had been but mockery ;
All wisdom had but sought revenge ;
All beings would have turned to sin,
Without a Saviour or a God.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

One sin in Jesus would have meant
The loss of God's own character;
All good would thus have been dethroned
And evil would have reigned supreme.

No day so glad has ever been
In all the history of life;
In life of man, or life of earth,
In life of angel, or of heaven,
In life of the Eternal God
Who age abiding always was,
As this, the Coronation day
Of Jesus Christ as King of kings.

Why waits He still beside the tomb?
What looks He for, this Prince divine,
Who doth with wondrous glory shine;
With marks of thornprints on His brow,
With scars in hands and feet and side;
This Prince who was the Lamb, once slain,
Who poured His soul out unto death,
And bore man's sicknesses and sins?

Why doth He not to glory fly
And seated be at God's right hand?
Why stays He thus beside the tomb?

The untold millions who before
His coming to the earth in flesh
Had faith in Him as One to come
And save them from eternal doom,
He now has brought from centre parts
Of earth, where Paradise has been,
Of which He now holds all the keys,

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

That none of His shall e'er again
Be captive in captivity.
These untold millions, souls redeemed,
Unseen by eyes of sinful men,
Except the few in bodies raised
Who by His word to men appear,
Are waiting now, with rapture filled,
Surrounded by the hosts of God,
All eager for the final word
To start them on their flight to heaven.
Expectant heralds ready are
To sound the message near and far.

What waits He for, now death is passed?
His face, though battered, torn, and bruised,
More marred than face of any man,
Is to the ransomed sinners there
The fairest face, without compare.

His features shine as on the mount;
Unspeakable the joy expressed.

He knows the church, the church of God,
Which He has purchased with His blood,
Is safe, because He died the death,
And sealed the covenant of grace.

This covenant is not between
The Father God and any man;
But in the wisdom of our God,
Between the Father and the Son.
The Father's promise was to Him,
If He as man would conquer sin;
As God in man, upon the cross

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Pour out His soul e'en unto death ;
Bear all man's sicknesses and sins ;
As God, pay all demands that law
Can bring against the human race ;
That then, as God and source of life,
As Judge Supreme, high over all,
He, the Eternal Father, true,
Would deal in grace with all mankind,
Who would that grace through Christ receive,
Believing in their hearts His Word,
Confessing Him their Saviour Lord,
And save them by His grace and power
From sin and all its penalties,
From Satan and his evil hosts.

Upon the cross, before He died,
The Son unto the Father spoke ;
" It is finished," He loudly cried,
And then He yielded up the ghost.
By Adam's sin in Paradise
Man subject unto death became ;
Save Enoch who with God did walk,
And he who slew the priests of Baal.
The second Adam now has brought
Man's immortality to light,
Illuminates the grave with hope,
And far removes from death its sting.

However, 'till He comes again,
In wondrous glory, might, and power,
To reign in person o'er the earth,
With saints who to Him faithful are,

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Throughout the blest millennium,
When Satan will be bound in chains,
When lamb and lion together lie,
When holiness to God shall mark
The harnesses on horses' backs,
When all the earth shall know the Lord,
When knowledge of Him fills the lands
As water now fills up the seas,
When man an infant still shall be
Until one hundred years of age,
When men will sin though Satan's bound,
And prove that flesh a failure is,
When deserts blossom like the rose,
When child shall play on hole of asp,
When swords to ploughshares beaten are
And nought shall make mankind afraid,
When one pure language all shall speak,
At end of time to church truth given,
When He has claimed His bride from heaven,
Will death still hold his demon power
To strike to death man's mortal frame;
For, last of all to be o'ercome
Of enemies of Christ the Lord
Is death, which Christ will sure destroy,
When comes the time He knoweth best.
Still Jesus waits beside the tomb,
Though destined King of universe.

Acts 1: 11. Rev. 19: 7-20; 20: 1-4. Jer. 31: 34. Zech. 14: 9, 16-21.
Isa. 65: 20; 26: 10; 11: 6-9; 35: 1-10; 41: 18-20; 2: 2-4.
1 Cor. 15: 24-28.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Twelve legion angels ready are
To strike the joyous notes of praise,
And such a heavenly anthem raise
As never since the fall of man
Has sounded on the golden shore.
A word He speaks, and angels two
Take up their watch beside the tomb.

The heralds of the mighty hosts
The trumpets to their lips have placed
To sound the welcome message forth.

But still He waits! this Prince of life,
For whom all heaven is watching now;
And e'en the Father on His throne
Is longing to embrace His own,
Proclaim Him victor over sin,
The Saviour of the human race
And of the character of God;
And seat Him at His own right hand
For evermore to reign with Him
As the eternal King of kings.

But still He waits! this God in man,
By whose own word the world was formed,
And all stars sweep their orbits round;
Though multitudes from every sphere,
And heaven, and God, await His move.

Such scene as this was ne'er before
Beheld by e'en the eyes of God;
For Christ the Lord but once has died,
But once has risen from the dead.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

The greatest day for God and Son,
And greatest for the universe,
Has come—the Coronation Day
Of Jesus Christ, the King of heaven.

From spheres more numerous than men,
Of solar systems far beyond
The utmost reach of human thought,
From every habitated spot
Throughout the void by men called space,
From every race of beings known
To God throughout the universe,
By numbers no man's mind can count
Of God-created sinless ones,
Has come a legion regal robed
And full bejewelled delegates—
Each legion clothed most gorgeously
In finest raiment of their sphere,
While ropes of scintillating gems
About their necks and waists appear.

The coronation route to heaven
Is thronged around on every side
By those who glory in the Lamb
Once dead, now risen, glorified;
By those who'll follow in His train
When He has passed, 'till heaven's reached;
Their knees to bow in loyalty
And swear eternal fealty
To Him when Heaven has crowned Him King.

This Prince of Peace, so soon to be

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Crowned King of all the universe,
Still waits in patience at the tomb!

Close to Him untold millions are
Of souls of men by Him redeemed;
While just in front, and filled with love
For Him, above all else they know,
Are full twelve legion choicest ones
Of all the bodyguard of heaven.
The entire route from earth to throne—
Due north it lies from earthly sphere—
Is lined by loving subjects from
Each place where God has planted life,
To cry "Hosanna to our God!
Hosanna to the Lamb once slain!
Hosanna to the Prince of life!
Hosanna to the King of heaven!"

At last the waiting time is o'er!
The cause of the delay is known.
A broken-hearted sinner comes,
Whose eyes are blinded with her tears.
"Where hast thou laid my Lord?" she said.
"Mary," the word was spoken low.
She looked, amazed, at first in fear;
Then when assured that it was He
She made to clasp His holy feet
And tell her thankfulness and love;
But with the deepest tenderness
He bade her call unto her mind
The Jewish sacrificial law,

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST

Which law by Him must be fulfilled,
Since He is now High Priest of all
Who live by faith and call Him Lord.

The priest when sacrifice was made
Dared touch no man or thing unclean,
Until the blood on altar shed
Was sprinkled on the mercy-seat
In holiest of holy place,
Else death had been the penalty.

So now, until the blood He shed,
Which He had poured from His own veins
Upon the altar of the cross,
Is by Him sprinkled up in heaven
Before the mercy-seat of God,
Who, in the holiest place of all
The universe, is waiting now
For Him to show His sacrifice
As High Priest for the sons of men,
And claim the covenant of grace
Now signed and sealed with His own blood,
Fulfilled, completed on His part,
He must be touched by none of earth.
To Mary now He gently speaks:

“Tell My disciples I have gone

Before them into Galilee;

Tell this to Peter specially.”

The message, fraught with Christ's own love,
The length, the breadth, the depth, the height
Of which beyond all knowledge is,

John 20: 11-18.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

So thrills the listening multitudes
And Mary unto whom 'tis given,
Their hearts are filled with ecstasy;
They magnify the Lord of heaven.
'Tis not to John, most faithful one,
Who leaned upon His loving breast,
This special message now is sent;
But unto him who boasted loud
Of what he'd do in danger's hour,
But who, when time of testing came,
Had proved himself an arrant coward,
A weakling and unworthy friend,
Who, with emphatic curse and vile,
Denied he even knew the Lord;
Though Christ's companion he had been
When He had fed the multitudes,
When He had healed all sicknesses,
When He had cast the demons out,
When He had healed the lepers ten,
When He had made the blind to see,
When He had calmed rough Galilee,
When He had walked upon the waves,
When He had raised the dead to life,
And showed His glory on the mount.

To Peter is the message sent,
Who warmed himself beside the fire
And there proclaimed himself a liar;
Who would not speak one word for Him
Who was his best and truest friend.

Mark 16: 7.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

That He might to this faithless friend,
A broken-hearted backslider,
Send but a word of tender love
And also comfort Mary's heart,
Christ thus has waited at the tomb
From sunset hour to early dawn;
Though God and countless multitudes
Of hosts of heaven and souls redeemed,
Of sinless ones from every sphere,
Have waiting been to crown Him King
Of heaven and earth and universe.

.

The heralds shout the orders given
By highest angels of them all;
By Michael first, then Gabriel,
And swift the mighty pageant moves.

The signal call to heaven sent
Announces that the moment's come:

"Lift up your heads, ye gates,
ye gates!

Be lifted up, ye doors,
ye doors!

Ye everlasting doors of heaven,
Be lifted up, be opened wide!

The King of glory shall come in!"

Psalm 24: 7-10.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

This sound goes forth through atmosphere
And ether space, by force of God
Unknown to minds of mortal men,
So swiftly that the answer comes
Like echo borne upon the wind.

From herald unto herald sounds
The wondrous cry to gates of heaven;
And then comes back the glad reply:

“Who is this King, this wondrous King,
The King of glory who shall come?”

With speed a thousand times as great
As that attained by flashing light,
The Christ and His unnumbered hosts
Arise from earth and go due north
Along the highway of their God,
The empty space of which Job spake
In Word inspired by Holy Ghost.

They go toward the central spot
Of all the wondrous void called space,
Round which creation doth revolve;
That central place where dwells our God,
Of which He is Himself the light;
The place where Jesus will prepare
The mansions for His loved ones' homes;
Where now is God's majestic throne.

The “empty place.”—Job 26: 7.

“I will be like the most High” . . . “sit in the sides of the north.”
—Isa. 14: 14, 13.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Again the heralds of the hosts
Advancing on the gates of heaven
Send forth the glad, triumphant cry :

“ Lift up your heads, ye gates,
ye gates !
Be lifted up, ye doors,
ye doors !
Ye everlasting doors of heaven,
Be lifted up, be opened wide !
The King of glory shall come in !”

Then clearly sounds high heaven's reply :

“ Who is this King, this wondrous King,
The King of glory who shall come ?”

The millions saved and happy souls,
Together with the hosts of heaven
And beings of all ranks and powers
Who serve the universal King
In solar systems known to earth,
And millions others greater far—
In voids of space so far removed
A lifetime could not serve to think
The distance of the space between
Which separates them from the earth,
Break into joyous songs of praise
And singing of celestial hymns.

Each has a voice of glorious tone
Such as no mortal throat has known ;

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

And the unnumbered chorus sings
Of Jesus, Babe of Bethlehem,
Of Jesus, working miracles,
Of Jesus, overcoming sin,
Of Jesus, dying on the cross,
Of Jesus, laying down His life
And taking up that life again ;
Of Jesus, leading captives free
From out their long captivity ;
Of Jesus, overcoming death,
Of Jesus, speaking words of love,
Of Jesus, blessing little babes,
Of Jesus' crowning, King of kings.
But only could the blood-washed throng
Join in the grand redemption song,
And praise the Lamb who in their stead
Has met the full demands of law,
Borne in His body on the tree
Their sins and their iniquity,
And loved them with redeeming love
And washed them in His precious blood.

The third time heralds of the hosts
Advancing on the gates of heaven
Send forth the glad, prophetic cry :

“Lift up your heads, ye gates,
ye gates !
Be lifted up, ye doors,
ye doors !

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Ye everlasting doors of heaven,
Be lifted up, be opened wide!
The King of glory shall come in!"

Again the glad refrain is heard
From heaven's gates all opened wide:

"Who is this King, this wondrous King,
The King of glory who shall come?"

And now the great advancing host,
Augmented all along the route
By countless millions who have come
To join this coronation song,
Unite as one and make reply:

"He is the strong and mighty Lord;
The Lord He is in battle strong;
The King of glory, Lord of hosts;
This is the King who shall come in."

.
Through gates of heaven open wide,
Through gates of pearl, up streets of gold,
Beside life's waters, crystal clear,
They come unto the throne of God.
The hosts arrived, with hosts in heaven,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, sing,

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Joined by the thousands, thousands more,
This glorious anthem to their King:

“Blessing and honour, glory, power,
To Him that sitteth on the throne
And to the Lamb who once was slain;
For ever and for evermore.”

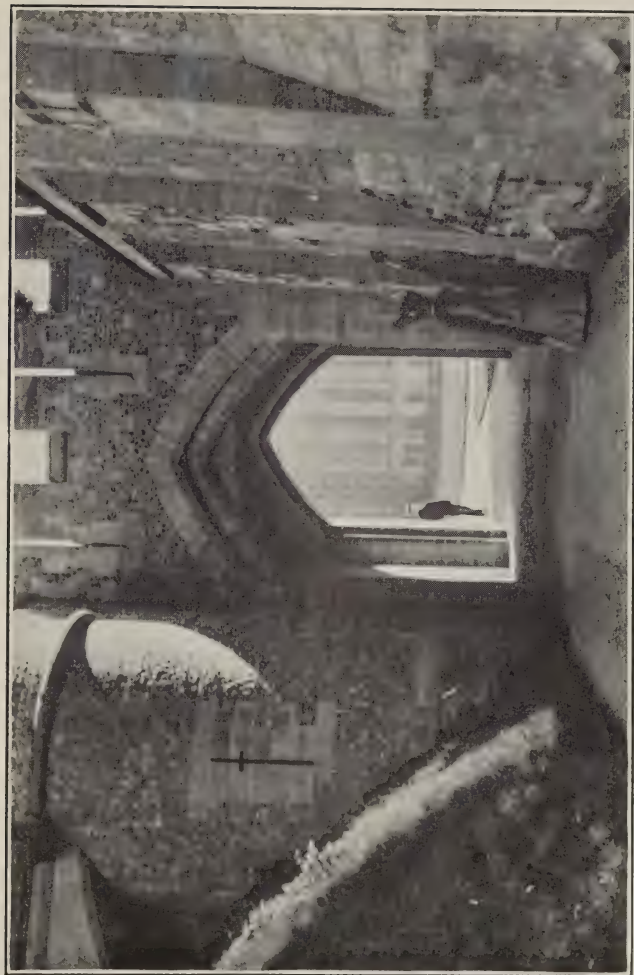
Now silence falls upon the throng;
The Father God speaks to His Son,
The Christ, once Babe of Bethlehem,
The Christ, who washed disciples' feet,
The Christ, whose brow was crowned with thorns,
The Christ, from whose dear face cruel hands
E'en dared to pluck by roots the hair;
The Christ, rejected, crucified;
To Him the Father God now speaks,
He who of life the Author is.
As harpers harping on their harps,
As voice of waters, thunder great,
So speaks God's voice from out the throne;
Creation trembles at His Word:

“Thy throne, O God, for ever is;
Thy sceptre is of righteousness;
Thou, Lord, in the beginning laid
Foundations of the earth and heavens.

Hebrews 1: 1-13.

THE CORONATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Let all Mine angels worship Him
Whose word of power upholdeth all.
The brightness of My glory He;
My Person in Him manifest.
The heavens and the earth wax old;
As vestures Thou shalt fold them up;
But Thou the same shalt ever be,
Thy years shall never, never fail.
Thou art My Son; I Thee begot.
I HAVE ANOINTED THEE WITH OIL.
SIT THOU UPON MINE OWN RIGHT HAND.
THINE ENEMIES THY FOOTSTOOL BE."



ENTRANCE TO THE QUADRANGLE, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.



THE KEEP, FROM THE QUADRANGLE, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

ANSWER TO RUDYARD KIPLING'S
"FEMALE OF THE SPECIES." *

WHEN the earth emerged from chaos, full of beauty and
of grace,
Man, ordained to be its ruler, God appointed to his
place;
Then the wise and kind Creator, knowing man was
incomplete,
Formed the purest of all species, woman, for the man's
helpmeet.

When the wily Serpent tempted, and both man and
woman fell;
When the sword of justice threatened, and they faced an
endless hell;
Not to man was promise given, seed to bruise the Ser-
pent's head:
Through the female of the species came man's hope,
when hope was dead.

Ever down succeeding ages, shown by history of our
world,
When the power of sin has triumphed, sorrow's banner's
been unfurled;

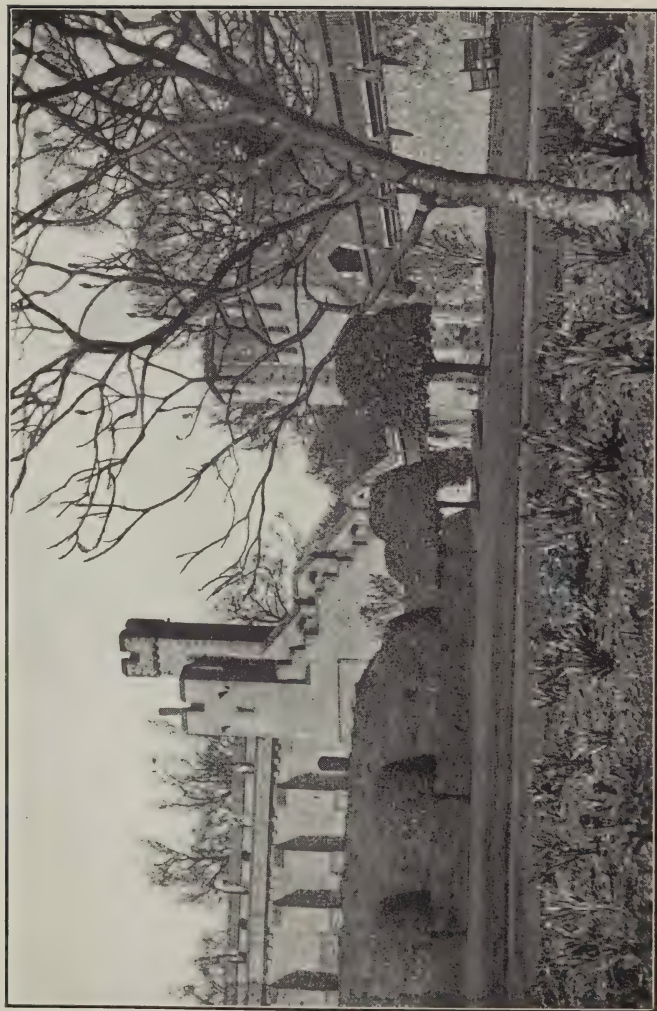
* Published in the *Kansas City Star*, under *nom de plume*.

ANSWER TO KIPLING'S "FEMALE OF THE SPECIES."

Man has fought and man has butchered : women's hands
men's wounds have dressed :
For the female of the species with love's tenderness is
blessed.

When the hate of men is kindled, 'till like fiends, with
pity dead,
Robbed of natural affections, they o'er earth foul murder
spread ;
Then the Nightingales and Bartons, filled with tender-
ness, appear :
For the female of the species in man's hour of need is
near.

'Twas the female of the species who sore travailed at our
birth.
'Twas the female of the species gave the Saviour to our
earth.
'Tis the mother, gentle, tender, whom we love 'till dying
breath.
'Tis the mother of our species who is faithful unto death.



THE FORMER TILTING GROUNDS. ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

"I've stood upon her tilting grounds, oft thronged when knights were bold."

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.*

THEY tell me, Whitcomb Riley, that thou'lt never sing
again,
Because thy good old faithful hand no more can guide
thy pen :
The Master's touch, so keen, so true, so gracious, kind,
and free,
Thou hast not lost, James Whitcomb, friend ; that touch
remains with thee.

As well predict Niagara shall still its ceaseless roar,
Or that the restless, ebbing tides shall wash the shores
no more,
As to predict thy wondrous soul expression shall not
give
To thoughts of love and tenderness, as long as thou shalt
live.

Thy song is like the song of larks ; 'twill stronger,
sweeter grow,
As earth and earthly things recede. Life's greatest
truths thou'lt know.
Thy soul's so full of music sweet that thou forsooth must
sing
Thy songs, which bless humanity and glorify thy King.

* Published in *The Advance*, under *nom de plume*.

MUSINGS OF A SCALLAWAG||EDITOR.

I do it! I do it! and who shall dare
To harm me for doing a thing so fair?
I am wealthy and strong: I make war on the weak:
My one only care is the money I seek.
I'm a rank scandal-monger; I admit it with pride:
I've quibbled and blustered, misrepresented and lied.
I uphold anything, be it evil or good,
If my palms are well greased; but I'm misunderstood.
I pose as a saint, but my soul is the Devil's.
My actions are quaint; my maliciousness revels.
By suggestions I make, I tease and annoy;
By advice which I give, I hurt and destroy.
An article here, and I open up strife;
A paragraph there, and I've ruined a life.
I sit and I leer, while I chuckle and grin,
For within my lost soul is a banquet of sin.
I know I am hated, and loathed, and despised
By the good and the bad; yet I'm never surprised
When the churches invite me the chairman to be
At meeting, or lecture, or social, or tea.
The people applaud at the sound of my voice;
Yet well do I know that they all would rejoice
If they knew I was dead, and laid out in my grave;
For I'm just what they think me—an outrageous knave.
My thoughts are as vile as the fiend of the pit;
Yet I simper and smile; in society flit.
I'm a curse to the old: to the young I'm a snare.

MUSINGS OF A SCALLAWAG EDITOR.

I'm like a wild beast licking blood in its lair.
If there's really a God, and really a hell,
It's all up with me, I know very well;
For I'm sowing the wind, and the whirlwind I'll reap:
'Gainst my soul in the judgment, damnation I heap.
My heart is so hard that I cannot repent:
Like Esau, my birthright for pottage I've spent.
But I don't want to think what the judgment will bring:
I'm nearing the brink, but I'm having my fling.
If there isn't a hell, there sure ought to be,
In which to put vicious, mean devils like me:
But the reaping's not yet; so why should I fret?
The hell of the future I'll try to forget.
The freedom of press I make freedom of hate,
To blackmail, or ruin, if cash comes too late.
The people who pay I exalt to the skies;
The people who won't I attack with my lies.
But my papers sell well, so why should I care?
I can live as I like; I'm as free as the air;
I have plenty to eat and plenty to wear.
Unprincipled judges cringe low on the bench;
For they know if they don't that I'll give them a wrench.
I advertise quacks, and the public is gulled:
I print a few facts, and the same public's lulled.
I prate of "Our Empire," and talk of "the Flag":
The fact is, however, I don't care a rag
Whatever becomes of the Empire or State;
So long as I'm paid for electing the "slate."
I do it! I do it! and who shall dare
To harm me for doing a thing so fair?

DON'T.

IF you should see a brother man a-looking down and
sad,

All out at elbows, knees and toes, as though he'd never
had

A decent suit or pair of shoes in all his poor lone life,
Don't sneer and give him glances that'll cut him like a
knife.

There are plenty other fellows that'll do that soon
enough,

Who'll never even stop to think, it's pretty all-fired
tough

To have to wear such tattered rags, and not get food
enough

To satisfy the cravings of a healthy appetite,
And have no shelter from the cold throughout the live-
long night.

It may be he alone's to blame, but possibly he's not.

It may be that he's lazy, or most probably a sot ;

But since he has the soul of man, his sufferings are keen,
And those who stoop to sneer at him are brutal, caddish,
mean.

When walking by a pretty lake, don't look for worms
and snails,

But waters blue, and fleecy clouds, green hills, and lovely
dales.



THE LIBRARY, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.



THE BANQUETING HALL, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

DON'T.

To always see the former is no proof that you are keen,
But rather proves conclusively your soul is sordid, lean.
Don't look for flaws and failings, or you'll find them
everywhere;

You know that even in yourself are plenty and to spare.
The skies are filled with many clouds, and e'en the sun
has spots.

You scarce can find a sheet of white, but on it are some
blots.

Don't think it's smart to hurt the feelings of a fellow
man;

God knows we all have pain enough; relieve it when you
can.

Don't wait until your mother's dead to send your gift of
flowers:

Send frequently remembrances to cheer declining hours.
Don't smile upon the people whom you simply chance to
meet,

Continuing throughout the day most wonderfully sweet;
Then, when you shut your own front door at night, act
like a bear,

And make your wife unhappy, who should have your
tenderest care.

Don't growl about the ocean waves because they toss
and roll:

This earth would be a graveyard if stagnation o'er them
stole.

Don't fret because it's raining just when you're on
pleasure bent:

A thousand fields are thirsty, and for them the rain is
sent.

MARRIAGE REFLECTIONS.

This earth is full of sin and sorrow, trouble, care, and
pain:
It needs our love and cheerfulness; our duty's clear and
plain.
Soft answers, deeds of kindness, happy smiles, and warm
handshakes
Will cheer the faint to victory, and ease the heart that
aches.
Don't take the word of any man against the Word of
God!
The time is coming, brother, when we'll lie beneath the
sod.
We cannot lose by trusting Christ, who claims the power
to save;
And if He's true, we'll all things gain, and life beyond
the grave.

MARRIAGE REFLECTIONS.

I WOULD say upon reflection
None should wait to wed perfection:
Just be sure 'tis love that binds you
To the woman, or the man.
In your choice for life be careful,
And above all else be prayerful:
Then, all you possibly can do
Is, do the best you can.

MOTHER'S CARE FOR BABY.

MOTHER'S tender care for baby :
What a theme for any pen !
There is far more in the subject
Than at first appears to men.
E'en a poet cannot picture
All the beauties to be seen ;
So that you may sweet thoughts gather,
Look yourself upon the scene.
In the daytime, in the darkness,
In the early morning light,
Still the one thought ever foremost,
" Wonder if the babe's all right ?"
If the darling hurts her finger,
Mother quickly hears the cry,
Stops her work and speaks to baby,
Kisses finger, dries the eye ;
And the little one, now happy,
Goes again about her play ;
But the scene is oft repeated
Many times in every day.

TROUBLE KNOCKERS.

LITTLE words of kindness,
Little deeds of right,
Knock our daily troubles
Higher than a kite.

HE'D NEVER PURCHASED MINING STOCK BEFORE.

HE heard the tales with wonder;
His heart throbbed with delight:
Oh, why had they not told him this before!
He felt himself an Aladdin;
The future all was bright:
He saw his needs supplied forever more.
He figured in the millions,
While he walked as on the air,
When several stocks he'd bought began to soar.
He dreamed sweet dreams of affluence,
Without one thought of care.
He'd never purchased mining stock before.

He knew that the promoters
Were men whom he could trust;
They gave him glimpses of their treasure store:
And when they urged upon him
To invest, he simply must:
They let him in upon the basement floor.
They told him of the rivers
That were carpeted with gold,
Of veins and ledges filled with wondrous ore.
He fondly still imagined that
The half had not been told—
He'd never purchased mining stock before.



THE BISHOP'S ROCK. NEWQUAY, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

From the water-color painting by G. A. McCrossan. All rights reserved.

HE'D NEVER PURCHASED MINING STOCK BEFORE.

He heard the tales with wonder;
 His heart throbbed with delight:
 Oh, why had they not told him this before!
 He felt himself an Aladdin;
 The future all was bright:
 He saw his needs supplied forever more.
 He figured in the millions,
 While he walked as on the air,
 When several stocks he'd bought began to soar.
 He dreamed sweet dreams of affluence,
 Without one thought of care.
He'd never purchased mining stock before.

He knew that the promoters
 Were men whom he could trust;
 They gave him glimpses of their treasure stores
 And when they urged upon him
 To invest, he simply must.
 They let him in upon the business then
 They told him of the rivers
 That were carpeted with gold,
 Of mines and ledges filled with wondrous ore.
 He fondly still imagined that
 The half had not been told—
He'd never purchased mining stock before.





BEVIS TOWER, ARUNDEL CASTLE, ARUNDEL, ENGLAND.

Picture by the Author, by courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

HE'D NEVER PURCHASED MINING STOCK BEFORE.

They loaded him with "Jo Jo,"
 "Out West," and "Grizzly Bear";
(Check after check he from his bank book tore)
 With "Goldfield," "Cobalt," "Tonopah,"
 "Alaskan Big Hot Air";
Vast wealth was simply pounding at his door!
 The streams were filled with nuggets
 That were every grade and size—
Like pebbles, scattered all along the shore.
 With grim determination he
 Set out to win the prize.
He'd never purchased mining stock before.

Economy was henceforth
 A nightmare of the past;
The wasted years he sadly did deplore.
 In lordly style his little pile
 Was dissipated fast.
He laughed, for there was always plenty more.
 Why save a paltry dollar
 When his income was assured,
And dividends would soon be his galore?
 But finally the moment came
 When he was quickly cured.
He'd never purchased mining stock before.

He grumbled some when dividends
 Were slow in coming round.
The bill collectors proved an awful bore.

HE'D NEVER PURCHASED MINING STOCK BEFORE.

At last, went to investigate
The marvellous rich ground.
He'd never even thought of that before.
He found the mines as pictured,
But the gold was very shy—
More modest than the maiden you adore.
He looked around in wonderment,
With dazed, bewildered eye.
He'd never purchased mining stock before.

From one mine to another
He rushed in fearsome dread,
Afraid he'd find things rotten to the core;
And when he saw that this was so,
His heart seemed turned to lead.
Did ever live such foolish man before?
His dreams of wealth had faded
As the darkness fades in light:
He looked on life as in the days of yore.
His faith was badly shattered
In a certain class that night.
He'd never purchased mining stock before.

Heart Songs of the Christian Life.

Heart Songs of the Christian Life

EXPERIENCE.

I TRIED to satisfy in sin the cravings of my heart.
I failed. I came unclean to Him: He bade me, "Come
apart."

He showed me mercy's open door, and helped me enter
in.

I saw the precious fountain flow which cleanses from all
sin.

A prodigal Christ found me, far away and feeding
swine.

He did not curse nor chide me, but revealed His love
divine.

Astounding and abounding is the grace of God that
saves!

It rolls in billows ever like unceasing ocean waves!

The blood of Jesus! Oh, how sweet to know 'twas shed
for me!

He in my place the ransom paid—His life—on Calvary.
My Jesus, Lord, to Thee I give myself for evermore,
And always, to my latest breath, Thy name I will adore.

ASSURANCE.

MY life is so uncertain, and the things I count most
sure
Are always, ever changing, for they simply can't endure :
The only things I know unchanged since childhood's
early days
Are love, and peace, and mercy, through the Saviour
whom I praise.

I cannot trust in science, for it's changing every hour ;
Nor in the new theology, which lacks both truth and
power.

In olden days the preachers had anointing from above,
And proved their calling by their power, their helpful-
ness, and love.

Since all is so capricious in the natural course of things,
The best of friendships fail us, and our riches take them
wings,

How can we know, without a doubt, what positive will
be,

Away beyond the gloomy grave, in the eternity ?

There's only One who e'er returned to tell to poor lost
men

Just what's beyond the grave and how to get to God
again.

All others guess and speculate, but leave us in the
gloom :

They cannot give one ray of hope to lighten up the tomb.

ASSURANCE.

And so I trust in Jesus, Prince of Peace and King of
light,
Who rose from death triumphant, and dispelled the
world's dark night.
He only knows the Father's heart, who dwells in glory
bright:
The God of love, whose mercy is the source of His
delight.

Can I be lost, who only on the Word of Jesus rest,
Though sin I may, and full a legion demons fill my
breast?
Will He who's ever faithful been to Abraham, the Jew,
Through all the trying ages, break His promise now,
think you?

Think'st thou I fear those legions, though they come in
fiendish might,
And blight my life, and turn my brightest day to darkest
night?
Hast thou not heard how demons cried, "We know Thee,
who Thou art,
Thou Son of God," when Jesus bid them quickly to
depart?

The One I trust is He who stilled the waves of Galilee,
And cast a legion demons out to set one prisoner free.
Though oft I sin, though tempted sore, I trust in Him
alone—
His grace, His love, His faith, His power, His blood,
which doth atone.

ASSURANCE.

Will He who cleansed the lepers vile, and saved the
dying thief,
Refuse to hear my broken cry, or spurn me in my grief?
"Remember me," was all the thief had confidence to say,
"Thou'lt be with Me in Paradise," said Christ, "this
very day."

He heard that cry 'midst death-throes of eternal agony.
Then will He not in glory hear the prayers of all like
me?
Confessing with my mouth my Lord, believing in my
heart
That God hath raised Him from the dead, I feel my sin
depart.

The mercy of the Lord our God is broader than all space.
He'll hear my prayer, no matter when the time nor
where the place.
Though darkness covers all the earth, and hidden seems
His face,
I rest in His unchanging love and in His wondrous
grace.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."—Rom. 10: 9.

"I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. 8: 38, 39.

CHRIST, OUR SUBSTITUTE.

Written in conjunction with the late Pastor Alexander Grant, of Winnipeg, now in the glory-land. "He being dead, yet speaketh."—The Author.

No judgment o'er my head;
No sin to call it down:
The Substitute, my sin was made:
His soul knew God's fierce frown.
He bore my sins upon the tree.
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

He murmured not. He bore
With joy each heavy stroke.
He paid His people's vast arrears.
He broke His people's yoke.
He bore my sins upon the tree.
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

My soul, be filled with joy!
My tongue, lift up thy song!
Count earth and earthly things a toy!
New joys to thee belong!
He bore my sins upon the tree.
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

IN CHRIST.

Joys that no angel knows:
No worldling cares to know:
From this unfailing fount there flows
A sweet for every woe.
He bore my sins upon the tree.
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

Since life in Him I have,
The future is secure.
Christ from my soul no power can move!
No joy my heart allure!
He bore my sins upon the tree.
Now, in the Substitute, I'm free!

"For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—
2 Cor. 5: 21.

IN CHRIST.

"NEARER, my God, to Thee;"
Nearer? How can I be?
If I'm in Jesus Christ,
I am as near as He.

"He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit."—1 Cor. 6: 17.

SUNDAY NIGHT PRAYER FOR GOD'S MINISTER.

REST Thy weary child, my Father ;
Rest him now, I pray.
By Thy gracious presence cheer him
At this close of day.

For Thy glory he's been working,
Telling of Thy love.
Now, I pray Thee, speak unto him
From Thy throne above.

May his messages delivered
Come with grace and power
Back to him who them hath spoken,
Resting him this hour.

May sweet sleep attend his eyelids,
Thy peace fill his heart.
Help him roll his burden on Thee,
Hear Thy "Come apart."

May his last thoughts be of Jesus.
Teach him how to rest !
Let him sweetly, simply trusting,
Lean upon Thy breast.

"Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—Jas. 5 : 20.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Pr. 11 : 30.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. 12 : 3.

THE MINISTRY OF SUFFERING.

“The mills of God grind slowly,” true,
But they grind by the hand of love:
For the Saviour who gave His life for you
Is the One who says what the mills must do:
And He in His purpose is ever true,
As He plans for us there above.

“The mills of God grind slowly,” true,
But think not they grind in vain:
Though Satan, the enemy of your soul,
Does into your life much anguish roll,
Think thou of the heaven that is thy goal—
Of the land where there is no pain.

“The mills of God grind slowly,” true,
But they grind for the good of man.
They grind, that God may His own Word keep!
They grind, though the Saviour who loves must weep!
They grind, but our God is not asleep!
Since they grind to fulfil His plan.

A SERVANT OF THE LORD'S BLESSING.

"The mills of God grind slowly," true,
In your life as well as mine:
But hasten the grind, with surrendered will
To the Spirit of God, who then will fill
Your soul and body with joyous thrill
Of His peace and His love divine.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. 4: 17.

A SERVANT OF THE LORD'S BLESSING.

God bless you, friends!
For me, a servant of the Lord,
Thou hast provided rest:
And now I pray our blessed Lord
May give thee of His best.
O God, protect and ever guide
These dear, kind friends, so true;
And strew their paths, and fill their lives,
With blessings ever new.

CONSECRATION.

I LAY all upon Thine altar :
Never will I fear nor falter :
Thy sweet will I would not alter :
 Blessed, blessed Lord !

What have I to do with crying ?
What have I to do with sighing ?
To my own will I am dying :
 Blessed, blessed Lord !

In Thy secret place I'm dwelling :
In my heart Thy joys are swelling :
Help me as Thy love I'm telling :
 Blessed, blessed Lord !

By Thy gracious love constraining,
Keep me, Lord, from all complaining :
Thou wilt soon on earth be reigning :
 Blessed, blessed Lord !

Nothing ever can us sever :
Thou wilt leave me, never, never !
I am Thine, and Thine forever :
 Blessed, blessed Lord !

MY BIBLE.

MY bookmark marks the place
Where last I read
Thy precious words, my Bible;
And by thy words of truth and life
My poor, tired soul
Has drawn much closer to the Christ
Of whom thy blessed words have spoken.
To thee, O Book of Truth,
I came, a weary soul condemned;
But to the cross of Jesus
Thou hast pointed me; and at that cross
I now find pardon, peace, and rest.
Continue thou, O Lamp of God,
To shine upon the path of human life
Made dark with sin;
And shining, show the way to Him
Who died and rose again in all
The might and glory of celestial power:
And do thou, by thy truth and light divine,
Bring us to Him who doth in glory shine,
That we may cast our trophies at
His piercèd feet, and crown Him
The eternal King of kings.

FAITH BETTER THAN FEELING.

I HEARD the preachers telling of Jesus' love divine:
I tried to pray, and tried to hope eternal life was mine:
And thus I kept on hoping and fearing every day,
'Till Jesus entered fully in and took my fears away.

I more than hope in Jesus, for now I know He's mine.
My lamps which once were dying, praise God, now
 brightly shine.

I once was ruled by feeling, but now I trust His Word;
I care no longer how I feel, but read, "Thus saith the
 Lord."

I NEED THY GRACE.

I NEED Thy grace, dear Saviour, to keep me from all sin,
I need Thy loving favor to ever dwell within.
Temptations round me gather, and press upon me sore.
I need Thy strength, dear Father; Thy help I do
 implore!

I wish to ever please Thee, and so to live each day
That when temptations press me, I'll watch, and praise,
 and pray;
For then I know Thou'lt fill me, Thou blessed, holy
 One;
I know Thou'lt ever keep me until my race is run.

JESUS KNOWS ALL, BROTHER.

LITTLE we know of the trouble and care;
Little we know of the pain and despair;
Little we know of the anguish and sin;
Little we know of the heart pangs within.

But Jesus knows all, brother. Tell Him thy story!
He, King of kings, left His throne up in glory,
Died on the cross to atone for thy sin:
Open thy heart! Bid the Saviour come in.

Little we know of the vile tempter's power;
Little we know of the struggles each hour;
Little we know of temptations to sell
Manhood and honor, but Jesus knows well.

Little we know, by the words and the smiles,
How oft the heart bleeds, how bitter the trials;
Little we know of the oft hidden tear;
Speak words of tenderness! speak words of cheer!

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if *any* man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."—Rev. 3:20.

THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

WHEN temptation comes o'er us, so sudden, so strong,
That it overcomes us in spite of our prayer,
Our Saviour, who's watching, and knows of our failure,
So graciously, lovingly waits for the tear;
Then He tenderly speaks to the heart full of sorrow:
"This failure will make thee the victor to-morrow;
Thy sin be forgiven thee; be of good cheer."

Though a long time it takes us to learn the deep need
Of perfect surrender each moment to God,
We still, through the aid of the blest Holy Spirit,
Will learn it in patience, though oft by the rod.
Dear Lord Jesus, we pray Thee to give us the grace
In hours of temptation to look in Thy face,
And e'en in the fiercest trials Thy name to laud.

REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD.

MY sins all on Jesus were laid,
My debt on the cross Jesus paid,
Of death I'm no longer afraid,
My soul is now filled with His love.

THE BELIEVER'S COMFORT.

I've more than a hope. He is mine!
Praise God, I've assurance divine!
His peace fills my soul all the time—
Sweet peace, the rich gift of His love.

For every poor sinner Christ died!
"My Father, forgive them!" He cried.
The blood dripping down from His side
Sufficiently proved His great love.

THE BELIEVER'S COMFORT.

HEART that is sick with sorrow,
Heart that for love doth crave,
Look up to Jesus bleeding there!
He died thy soul to save.

How well the Saviour knoweth
The sorrows in thy breast.
Bring Him thy burden, weary one,
And He will give thee rest.

Pillow thy head upon Him!
Rest on His mighty arm!
He'll never leave nor fail thee,
He'll keep thee safe from harm.

THE BELIEVER'S CONFIDENCE.

Shadows may creep around thee,
Satan may tempt thee sore;
Still He is ever near thee,
Trust Him for evermore!

When in the land of glory
We see the Saviour's face,
How we shall sing of His great love
And of His wondrous grace!

THE BELIEVER'S CONFIDENCE.

Nothing is too hard for Jesus!
Shout the tidings all around!
Quickly spread the joyful message,
Where'er mortal man is found!

Nothing is too hard for Jesus!
He the roughest road has trod.
He will aid me in my trials,
He will lead me up to God.

Nothing is too hard for Jesus!
Tempted one, and sorely tried,
Sin and Satan cannot conquer
If you will in Him abide.

THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

JESUS is coming! sweet is the strain:
I love to sing it again and again:
Coming in glory on clouds of the skies.
Glory to Jesus! the dead shall arise!

Soon He is coming! the Lamb that was slain:
Sing it, believer, again and again!
Coming in glory, a wondrous surprise.
Glory to Jesus! the dead shall arise!

Jesus is coming! blest be His name:
Send forth the message again and again!
Coming in glory, the Christ once despised.
Glory to Jesus! the dead shall arise!

THE BELIEVER'S MORNING PRAYER.

OPEN mine eyes that I may see
Wonderful beauties now in Thee.
Open my lips that I may sing
For Thee, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

THE BELIEVER'S EVENING PRAYER.

Open mine ears that I may hear
Thine own sweet voice, to me so dear.
Open my heart and enter in;
Cleanse me, dear Lord, from every sin.

Open Thy Word, and to me show
Thy gracious truth, that I may grow
Into thy fulness, day by day.
Thoroughly cleanse me, dear Lord, I pray.

THE BELIEVER'S EVENING PRAYER.

WAIT I for Thine evening blessing,
Gracious Father, God of love:
Sin and sorrow, so depressing,
Now, Lord, from my heart remove.

As the sun sets, and the darkness
Overspreads the earth with gloom,
I am happy that Thy glory
Ever fills my heavenly home.

If the night of death o'ertakes me
Ere I see the morning light,
Trusting sweetly in the Saviour,
I to Thee will take my flight.

THE BELIEVER'S ETERNAL HOME.

Through the darkness I would hide me
In the arms of Christ, my Lord.
Nothing evil can betide me
Since I rest upon Thy Word.

When at last my life is ended,
Time for me shall be no more,
May my voice, with angels' blended,
Praise Thee on that golden shore.

THE BELIEVER'S ETERNAL HOME.

Soon we'll see the pearly gates,
Soon we'll walk the golden street;
There for us the Saviour waits,
Soon the dear ones we shall meet.

Sorrow's tears will be no more,
Sickness there can never come.
Glory fills that golden shore—
Blessèd and eternal home!

All our broken hearts will mend
When we see the Saviour's face.
Sweetest voices there will blend,
Praising His redeeming grace.

